

How to Be A Pirate

by DisGRACEtothehumanRACE

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Summary: Hiccup's daughter is a magnet for trouble, heredity, much? Armed with zeal, sarcasm and a flightless dragon, she's ready to create a legacy of her own, following in her father's footsteps. At long last, a shipwreck off the coast of Berk leads her straight into a legacy of her own.

1. The Beginning

****Me:** Hey, hey, hey! I'm baaaaaaaaaaaaaack!**

****Readers:** NOOOOOOOO!**

****Me:** YEP! Due to my recent disapearence from fanfiction, you probably all though I died! Well you're not that lucky! **

****I** read on a Wikipedia article that there's supposed to be 3 How To Train Your Dragon movies, and so I thought, 'What about the years after?' Well, this is my take on that. It's called How To Be A Pirate, and not to be confused with the sequel to the first movie, but like a spin-off almost. I only own the little kids and their dragon's names, (you'll figure out what I mean soon...*Evil Laugh*) NOT the dragon's species.**

****Disclaimer:** I do not own HTTYD (Obviously!) or the names mentioned in the movie and the short film(s). It all belongs to Dreamworks and Cressida Cowell.**

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Chapter One

The Beginning

A distant roar awoke me from my deep slumber. I turned in bed and pulled the sheets over my head in a pathetic attempt to block the

noise and heated light of the sun's light through a the window in the corner of my room. Another roar, this time from the roof, shook one side of the house. Much like the way my father's dragon does. I blame him for my dragon's rude behavior.

I groaned and got out of bed slowly, glancing at the bed next to mine. My lazy brother was still sleeping, snoring like a Gronkle, might I add, through the noise and constant shaking. A raid couldn't wake him up.

I crossed the room to the small balcony like window in the corner. It was rectangle shaped, and had big windows that opened out with a small push. This was a place where I could look out at the entire village but know they could only see me too if they look directly at my window. I know, kinda shallow thought, but I like my privacy, a trait, as my father sarcastically remarks, that I recieved from my private, but beautiful mother.

I gently unlatched the window and pushed it out. I took a deep breath of the chilly, crisp, and clear air. The way it touched my lungs and slightly stung my throat. Hearing more of the scraping of inch-long talons against roof shingles made me look up at the roof. My purple Skrill was on top of it, scratching away, obnoxiously.

"Glimmer, cut it out, girl! You're gonna wake up my parents!" I called up to her in a half-whisper half-yell.

As if called, my father entered the room with his lopsided grin, which I inherited from him.

"I'm already up." he said sarcastically, rubbing his eyes.

I winced slightly with embarrassment, this happens all the time. "Sorry, dad."

"It's okay, Toothless woke me up earlier, as usual." he said with a sigh. He was always woken up at the crack of dawn, by an equally, if not more, loud and annoying pounding on the opposite side of the house, right above my parent's room by his Night Fury, Toothless. Once my dad came back home from their morning flight, he could never get back to sleep. He usually feeds the dragons, and by then, he has about 10 minutes to spend before my mother gets up. My dragon is more gracious, in that way. She never likes to fly before she has something to eat.

Another round of pounding from Glimmer, and a groan from me, caused my father to chuckle.

"I blame you for her behavior." I sarcastically remarked, while crossing the room to embrace him in a warm hug.

"Yeah, that's what your mother says to me about you." he smirked as he returned the hug and the sarcasm, also something I got from him. _Another_ round of scratching.

"I'd better go, before she decides to set the fence on fire again." I said as I released my dad and headed for the door. He kissed my forehead and walked over toward my brother's bed, about to attempt the impossible, wake him up, get him out of bed, and start his day.

"Bye, dad!" I called as I left the room.

"Have fun, Less!" he called back.

"Good luck!" I said under my breath as I went out the front door and into the morning air.

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Well, that's chapter one! Wow, took me three hours and a lot of TV Shows to finish, but I did it! I need some suggestions to Less's brother's name, so if you wanna help me out, I'd be really grateful! Let me know what you think! See ya later!

2. Calm Before The Storm

Me, again! This chapter's gonna be a lot longer and explain more, so please leave reviews! **I'd love to hear your opinions!**

Oh, and I'm curling my hair for school tomorrow while writing this chapter, so if I burn myself, it's all you guy's faults!

Disclaimer: I think that only does this to try and convince you to get an **_actual**_** life... Something I'll never do!**

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Chapter Two

Calm Before The Storm

The world outside my bedroom was far less warm and loving.

As for the warm part, which literally, it NEVER was, and for the figurative part, well, the people aren't as nice to me as I would favor.

The Vikings here were a lot nicer to me when I was younger, the mistakes I made they all thought were part of me growing up to be a great Viking, a lot like my father had started out. But, as the years went by, they started getting impatient. Some managed to keep their cool, mainly waiting for me to turn into my father, hero-and now heroic chief-of the small village, but others weren't that patient. Not that they didn't care for what my father had done for everyone, but more of, they just didn't want to start the whole process of village screwup that couldn't touch a brick without destroying half the village, to being the hero of the entire archipelago-and possibly-the world.

But, even though half the village had let their faith in their hero's daughter slip through their fingers, my parents never gave up on me. I guess my father would've given up on me a while ago, but, considering what he had gone through with his father before his uprising to fame, he just didn't want me to go through the same phase. But my mother, on the other hand, I know she will always be

there for me. Mom had always told me about my father before he was famous, and the stories of his mistakes had always left me not knowing whether to laugh or cry. She knew it was just a matter of time before I did something great. Just like my father before me. She would never, ever give up on me. I know it... because if I don't have one faithful parent, what do I have?

My Skrill, Glimmer, soared over the island, much too early for the other villagers to be out with their own dragons, giving us as much space as we liked. The Book Of Dragons says that if you stand close enough to a Skrill, your hair will stand on end. For whatever reason, my head, and my mom's, were immune to the whole hair on end thing. I have yet to find anyone with the same gift. Glimmer was mostly purple, and had a few hints of silver, rippling the scales on the underside of her wings and belly. When she blasted electrical shocks out of her mouth, I felt an odd giddyness inside, like a slight jolt of energy, that wasn't quite the same as an electrical shock, and over the years that I've had her, I became accustomed to the feeling, and sometimes, I could feel it when I wasn't anywhere near her, kind of like a surge of an insane adrenaline, or ATP, but it lasted a longer time, and it made me feel a lot more powerful than I was, and probably ever will be.

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When I touched back down, I landed on the far side of the village, so I could observe the morning hussels from what I hoped was a safe distance.

The children played in the street with the friendly neighborhood Gronckle, Meatlug. I called a good morning to them, which they returned, slightly putting their play on hold, then getting right back to it as I smiled.

I called good morning to family members and my parent's friends, as I continued toward my destination and Glimmer returned home.

I approached two houses, farther apart than the others, mainly reserved for trash. I entered the gap between them, maneuvering clumsily around piles of rubbish. As I neared the end of the alley, the sound of grunting, hushed cheering, and wood pounding and scrapng against wood.

I reached the end of the alley, where two of my fellow teens stood fighting with wooden swords, surrounded by 5 others, cheering and taking bets on the fight before them.

My brother, Blunder, was among them. He was sitting next to his best friend, Gorge, and his girlfriend, Lithella the Peevish. Gorge was saying something unaudible, probably some corny joke, which had my brother laughing and Lithella scoffing, rolling her eyes and picking at her nails.

Lithella, as you might have assumed, was just a brat. There was no other word suitable enough. She was stuck-up, bratty, and, yes, obviously much prettier than I was, as much as I hate to admit it. She had silky black hair and mean-looking brown eyes, and a skinny but very curved and tall figure, at least 3 inches taller than my brother was. I often said (not to her, of course) that every morning, it seemed as though she would paint her face with buckets and buckets

of make-up (whatever that was), enough to make her look like an asian *cough, cough* prostitute *cough, cough*. Sorry about that...

Lithella was only nice to people who were either as pretty as she was, more pretty, or who was really muscular, tall, powerful, or knew how to handle a weapon. That's how she got my brother. I can't say I am much of a hater, I dislike quite a few things, but I don't hate nearly as many. But her, I do hate. She was always fixing me and my friends with these weird looks, like we had just came from underground and had duck-bills and odd-shaped paws or something. Her presence annoyed me just as much as my presence annoyed her.

Gorge was a little better than she was. He was my second cousin, and he looked just like my father's cousin, but younger and had a little nicer. Gorge ate and ate and ate at meals, but excersized just as much. He was more muscular than my brother, and more muscular than both of us. He had the same snorting laugh and lame humor as his father, but he was a bit nicer, chuckling every now and then at some jokes I make. He didn't make fun as much fun of me as my mother said his father had to mine.

On the other side of the ring, talking in hushed voices, giggling at insults toward the others, sat my friends. Frey Ingerman, my best friend, spotted me first and waved me over to join them. Frey the Frightened was a head taller than I was, spoke softer than me, and had a kind nature and pretty face that compared her to a sweet bunny rabbit. She had white-blonde hair and gentle chocolate brown eyes that had a hint of a smile behind them. She was the lovely daughter of Camicazi and Fishlegs Ingerman, as sneaky-and skinny-as her mother, but as quite and gentle as her father.

Sitting next to her was my other friend, Tremor Thorston. I had often jokingly accused Tremor and Frey of having romantic feelings for each other, and they both blushed and denied it. But, me, either being a great friend or too nosy for my own good, I'd talked to each of them about their feelings, and they both liked each other, but Frey was frightened under pressure, and Tremor was just too much of a wimp to ask her out. It's a shame, really.

Tremor had brown eyes, as well, but his were deeper, like dampened dirt. He had white blonde hair, and was slightly muscular, but not bulging like Gorge. He was, at the most, a foot taller than Frey, which ment he was a foot and a head taller than me. His sky-high height might have been doubled, if he didn't slouch all the time. He must have gotten that from his father. Oh, and he was also another one of my cousins.

I slipped around the battle, unnoticed as usual, and sat down next to Frey.

"Hey, guys," I greeted quietly.

"Hey, Less." Tremor said in return.

"Morning, Lessie!" Frey said in her sweet voice.

"Who's up?" I asked, reffering to the play battle before us.

"Goosehead and Braith, who do you think'll win?" Tremor asked, eyeing the young warriors and their combat skills, secretly yearning for skills like theirs.

I thought a little. Goose (Goosehead's nickname) was strong and powerful, but Braith was smart, and they were both big, so...

"Braith." It slipped out.

"Why?" Frey and Tremor asked in unison.

"W-well, I-I don't know," Curse my acceseive stuttering! "Braith could outsmart Goose, even though Goose could easily overpower him. So, if Braith pulled a stunt that left Goose hanging, then he could easily win." Once I saw their awestruck faces, I flushed with embarrassment, and mumbled, "Or something."

It took them a few seconds to register.

"Um, okay." Frey said, softly.

"Akward." Tremor admitted.

"Just wait," I replied.

Just then, Braith ducked under Goose's swipe at his head and kicked Goose's feet out from under him, then, when Goose was on his back, Braith went in for the kill, ending the match.

We all sat in silence for a few seconds, either impressed or totally freaked out by my battle strategy.

This was one of the problems I had faced with my two friends, they didn't quite understand me.

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Two hours after the awkwardness in the alley, I had been sitting at the kitchen table, eating lunch with my family, well, with my brother and mother, anyway.

"How was your day so far, you two?" My mother asked.

"Great! Gorge told me this awesome joke! You wanna hear it?" Blunder said, excitedly.

Mom and I looked at him, then looked at one another, and looked back down to our plates, hurriedly eating our food.

"Aw, come on, it's a funny one this time! Trust me! Alright, so this one guy walked up to this other guy and was all like-" before he could continue, I objected with my meanest bit of sarcastic sibling rivalry I could muss up, complete with stuttering.

"Blunder, the only way to get you to shut up is to shove a bunch of raw meat into your oversized mouth, huh?"**[1]** I said, tired of the jokes, that if told by anyone else but him, would probably have been hilarious, but not after he butchers them.

"Less!" Mom scolded, in my opinion, louder than necessary. I cowered in embarrassment while Blunder sat there with his mouth open in offended shock.

"Sorry." I said innocently, even though I was faking the apology, but she didn't know that.

"That's the third time you've gotten in trouble for saying something like that!"

Just then, my father walked in, once again, as if called to break off the 'discussion' Mom and I were having.

"Hi, dad!" Blunder said, seemingly totally forgetting the massive burn.

"Hey, dad." I said, waiting for my mom to rat me out to my dad, so he can give me another one of his 'pep-talks'.

"What's wrong, Astrid?" my father asked her as he gave her a kiss on the cheek. She hesitated at first, she hated ratting out her kids.

"Less said... something." she said quietly.

"What?" he asked.

She glanced at me, then she told him exactly what I said, word-for-word in a hushed voice. I swear he gave a tiny chuckle, only audible by him, Mom and I. Blunder was too busy shoveling food down his throat. Mom glared at him, and he realised she would totally beat him but if he didn't clean my clock. Dad cleared his throat.

"Less, let's take a walk." he said as he stood up.

I sighed and followed him out the door.

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We walked without saying a word.

For a long time.

I walked beside my Dad for a while. He took me through the village, into the forest, and took turns and twists, until I couldn't stand the silence anymore.

"Dad, where are we going?" I asked, looking at him.

"You'll see." he stated simply. That sure wasn't the answer I was looking for. After a few more seconds of silence, he then began with, "I took you once when you and Blunder were very little. Just babies."

"Where?"

As if on command, I tripped over something on the ground. Naturally. Dad caught me by the arm and placed me back on my feet. I looked down at what I had tripped on. Laying on the ground was a large tree root, sticking up out of the ground at an odd angle. Looking up further, I

saw that the tree the roots belonged to was nearly on it's side. Knocked over by an incredibly strong force.

Turning my head toward the rest of the path, my eyes widened slightly at the sight; Trees bending, logs and pine cones and needles littered the partially destroyed-and weathered over time of which no one went near it for a number of years-path ahead of us.

We kept walking and ducked under a log. almost hidden by the log was a crevice made in large boulders that provided entry to a gorgeous cove. I gaped at the sight as Dad led me down the rocks and slid under an old shield stuck between two big boulders. Somehow, it all felt vaguely familiar.

He walked along the lake that sat still in the center as I scurried clumsily behind. He kept walking until he came to a small house at the edge of the lake. It was old, but not nearly as old as the shield had been. At least 16 years, while the shield looked about 14 or so years. I know, it must've been a ridiculously strong shield if it's been stuck between two rocks for 14 years and never been popped out.

Dad opened the wooden door and said, "I built this place when your mother and I got married. I built it someone could come here when they felt lost, and had nowhere to go. It's worked for me more times than I can count, but I just never got around to telling anybody. You're the only other person who knows about it."

I just stood there like an idiot and stared at him. I guess I was just confused as to why he would tell me about this safe haven and nobody else.

"Come on in, Less. I wanna talk to you." he held the door open for me as I walked in, taking in all the strange things on shelves, the drawings on the walls, the smells, the way it was set up to look kind of like a future store, like the things in glass jars and the desks and clutter everywhere. But I liked it, I really did.

"Sit down." he told me, gesturing to the chair next to the desk, as he took a seat himself. "Look," he began nervously, and I could tell he didn't like putting anyone on the hotseat, let alone his own daughter.

"I know that when you reach a certain point of you life, you feel different. Trust me, I know better than anyone. You kinda feel like no one would notice-or care-if you left the island and never come back. It feels like no one cares about you, like you don't know who you are, and like you're dead inside, and all you feel is pain. But you can't give up. Ever. But believe me when I say this, it gets better. Someday, hopefully someday soon, you'll find just what you're made of. Someday you'll find love, peace, and who you're meant to be. Remember that, because some day you will." **[2]**

We sat in silence for a few moments, me thinking about his words. Did he mean it, or was he just saying it to keep me out of trouble? I don't think he would have told me it if it hadn't been for a reason. He wasn't like other parents, how they tell you things that seemed meaningful, or made promises they could never keep in a million years, just to keep you out of trouble and spare the embarrassment of having the worst behaved kids ever. Just so other people didn't think

they were bad parents.

A sound of a loud horn ripped through the air, even though it was from a distance, it still severed the silence, and my thoughts.

When we got back to the village after racing through the forest, my dad ran to the men gathering at the docks.

"What's going on?" my father yelled over the commotion.

The closest man reported back to him, fear gripping at his face, "An outcast ship has been spotted 3 miles off the coast, headed this way"

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Done!

[1] I'd like to thank my friend Hunter in inspiring me to use that line. Troll on, bro!

**[2] Some of those words or sayings are from the lyrics of 'One Day You Will' by Lady Antebellum. **

Please leave reviews! Thanks for reading!

Oh, and I burned myself twice while writing this! Thanks a lot!:)

3. Outcasts

Hi! I have to let you guys know that I can only post on the weekends, due to school. SUCKY right? Okay, on with the show!

Disclaimer: *Grumbles demonically and angrily*

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Chapter Three

Outcasts

Outcasts.

As soon as I heard it, I shuddered.

I hated them.

Not like anything I've ever known, not even Lithella.

Not like_ anything_.

They hated us all, we hated all of them, just as much.

Our hate was nothing like the war between dragons and Vikings, because it could never be fixed. Ever. I'm not gonna even try to

explain all this, it's just fate. So I can't even begin to understand it all, but let's just say that when I was young-really young-I just saw something I shouldn't have seen, that's all. And no, I don't wanna talk about it right now, but you'll know, someday.

Anyway, the toughest Vikings were already lining up for battle with their weapons and sheilds as the children huddled safe inside their homes.

I stuck close to my father as we weaved through the crowd. He had to try hard to push past their tight formation, often having to shout. He wasn't as big as his father had been, not even close. My mom tells me sometimes that he looks almost exactly like he did years and years ago, just taller and a little more built. He didn't even grow a beard. He never confirms it, though. It's kinda weird. He never tells me any stories about his childhood. If I want to hear a story about the village idiot, I'd have to ask the village idiot's wife. My mom is kinda like my dad's personal story teller. I nearly laugh at the thought.

Finally, my dad reached the front, me scuttling like a crab at the excitement right behind him.

"Where is it?" he asked.

"It's about a half mile off now." replied his cousin, Snotlout.

"Then shouldn't we see it?"

Snotlout shrugged and squinted out to sea, as we did the same.

After a few minutes, I spotted a speck of black over the horizon.

"Dad, is that it?" I asked, confused and pointing.

He struggled to see what I was pointing to. Once he saw it, he made a face that showed he was just as confused as I was.

"I think-um, maybe, I-I'm not sure," he stuttered out, obviously I got my stuttering from him.

As it got closer, we all could tell it was an Outcast ship-or, at least, what was left of it.

Large pieces of rubble and debris littered the water. Nothing but soaking wood, wood, and more wood. The very top of a mast had floated up along the docks, where we were all standing. It had the Outcast flag on the top of the mast, ripped and wet. We all silently watched it float slowly by.

"That's like a record-breaker for fastest raid ever." I said sacastically aloud.

My father gave a tiny chuckle, then turned to give orders, "Alright, it looks like most of the ship's-well, everything-all ended up on the other part of the island. We all need to look around, to see if there were any survivors. Then take all the ship's remains from the shores and bring them to the village." he ordered as he started to head for

the opposite end of shore.

I ran after him, "Dad," I said once I had caught up, "what will we do with all the parts of the ship in the village?"

"We'll burn them." he answered, no emotion in his voice or on his face.

"Why?"

"Because the ship belongs to our enemy, and we can't have their ships polluting our shores."

"Oh." I said and kept walking. After a while I thought of another question that felt wrong to not ask, "Dad, what will happen if we find any survivors?"

He was silent for a little while, then he answered, again showing no emotion, "You're old enough to know the truth, Less. It all depends on how they act."

"How they act?"

"Yes. If they act like human Vikings who aren't in any way a threat to us, we treat their wounds, and send them back to their village, unharmed. But, that rarely happens."

"So what happens if they don't behave?" I asked, already bracing myself for the answer.

He waited another few seconds before admitting, "If they act hostile and murderous, we kill them." He said the last three words slowly, as if testing my belief.

I was silent.

Had my father killed before? How long has this whole kill-if-murderous thing been going on? Whenever there was any sign of Outcast activity in the village, I had been sent home, never hearing or seeing anything, mainly because I was hiding in our cellar.

Along with my brother and the pile of old smelly fruits and vegetables for hours, waiting for our folks to return. I remember when Outcast raids were just an excuse to play swordfighting with Blunder. We would climb all over that pile of rubbish. Having as much fun as we could, using our imaginations to power the play, laughing and hitting each other with sticks. It had all been such a joke then. Not reality. I had hoped it never changed, but it did. When reality and truth sunk their three-mile-long fangs into the back of my neck, to be honest, I kinda wanted to go home and sleep for a whole day. My mom always used to tell me that when I go to sleep after I had a rough day, if I went to sleep smiling, it would all be better the next day. From when I was a toddler, up to age 9, I believed in it, and it had worked every time. But once I got older, things started to change. So I had stopped believing in it. So now, years later, when all the fairytales and treasured stories had faded away, and all I had to believe in was Fate and myself, there was no going back.

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About an hour and a half or so later, the rubble from the ship was almost all gone. There was just three men, Snotlout, my father and me. My father was talking to Snotlout in a voice that I was too far down the beach to hear while the men picked up the rest of the ship's wood. It was strange, there were no supplies on that ship, or survivors, or anything, really. From what I could tell, it looked like a very, very small ship. I was just wandering around edge of the water, barefoot, letting the waves tickle my feet on their way up the beach and back down to join the rest of the ocean, where it belonged.

"Less! We're heading back now!" my father called over to me, from nine meters away. I guess I had gotten so caught up in thinking and walking that I lost track of the distance I had traveled. Looking behind me, I saw the tracks my bare feet had made, they were crooked and there were drag marks from my heels. Maybe that was why I'm so clumsy. I drag my feet.

"Okay!" I called back, turning back to take one last look at the setting sun. Bleeding red and orange onto the clouds, the sunsets were truly one of the best things here on Berk. I took a deep breath of the chilly air and started to turn to follow my father and the others back, when a glint of something metal caught the sun from below the waves and shone in my eyes. I squinted against the bright light, and looked for the source of the light.

I saw it again, and this time I didn't know what it was, but I knew where it had come from.

I walked slowly along the shore, squatted down on my haunches and reached into the water. What I pulled out was a ring.

A ring unlike anything I had ever seen before. It was silver on the inside, but black on the outside. It was freezing cold when I touched it from the icy water. I washed it in the salty sea until it was clean enough to slip onto my right ring I put it on, it changed colors. No joke! It changed from black, to red, to a bright pink.

"Whoa." is all I could force out. I turned to look around, whose ring was this? I had to have come from the Outcast ship, no Viking I had ever known had this kind of ring, or ever seen one, for that matter. Taking a step towards the forest oppsite of the shore, I glanced at the ground, seeing a drag mark. It was easy to see how I had missed it, and I was way farther up the shore than anyone else had been.

"Less! You coming?" Dad called, even farther away now.

"Um, I-I think I'm gonna take a walk, Dad, I'll be back later." I called back. Even though it was getting close to dark, there was no way I wasn't checking this out.

"Okay, be careful!" he responded, walking back to the village with the rest of the men.

As he walked away, I stepped into the dense forest.

It was obvious that someone had crashed through the forest,

desperately seeking refuge. Whoever had burst through here wasn't very big, and from the unmistakable, but faded smell of blood polluting the air, they were injured. Severly.

Due to the blood scattering the ground, it was obvious they had lost a lot of it, if I didn't find them and help them soon, they would most likely die. Outcast or not, I wasn't about to let them die.

After a while, the sun had set, and I felt like I had walked for hours. If the tracks hadn't have still kept going on, I would've guessed whoever had made these tracks would have died somewhere way back there. But they just kept going. They must've been really strong and tough, they were able to walk out here wounded forever. I was barely able to go this far unharmed for this long and still be able to stand.

I was about ready to give up. I'd come back with Glimmer tomorrow, and we'd look around, then. So I looked up at the dark sky. And as soon as I took my eyes off the ground, I tripped over something, and landed flat on my face.

"Uuugggggghhhhh!" I yelled to myself, exasperated.

A rustling in the bushes cut my annoyance at my own clumsiness short.

My head jumped right up from the ground, my face leaving an imprint in the dirt in front of me. I was frozen in place, fearing the worst. The rustling became louder, as I held my breath...

For a little bunny rabbit hopped out of the jolting bush.

I let my breath go and gave a little frightened laugh. I pushed myself up off the ground, brushed myself off, and began to turn to make my journey back home in the dark, when I saw what I had tripped over.

It was an outstretched pair of legs.

They were wearing dark colored pants and boots, so I have easily missed them before. The person they were attached to was halfway concealed by bushes. I tiptoed forward, and slowly tapped my foot against the stranger's. Nothing. Slinking toward the bush, I pulled it away, as slowly and quietly as I could to reveal...

A young unconscious boy. Ha ha, scared you didn't I?

He didn't have a shirt on, which I immediately noticed due to the paleness of his skin. He must've been freezing. He looked about my age, maybe a tiny bit older. In the darkness, I couldn't tell what color his hair was, just very dark. He was on his back, blood pooling around him, coming from the piece of wood sticking out of his abdomen. The sight made me want to cry.

I had to help the boy. This couldn't wait any longer than it already had. He was too heavy to carry, and I don't know how Glimmer would act if I called her to give us a lift. Even if I ran at top speed back to the village to get help, he would surely die. And I wasn't about to let that happen.

I sat down on my knees, checked his pulse (he was okay, in case you were wondering), and took a look at the wound. I was never really good at the whole 'doctor' thing, but at least my mother taught me a few things. First, remove the piece of wood stuck in him. Well, that wasn't exactly the step word-for-word, but it was close enough.

"Okay, whew, okay, okay, okay, I got this. I got this." I told myself nervously.

I placed both my hands carefully on the wood, and, taking a deep breath, slowly yanked it out of the poor boy.

I wretched and almost puked at the smell, the sight, the realization of what I had just done, the terror of the boy's blood splattering on my face, and the shock that the pain didn't make him awake.

I checked his pulse again. He was still alive, but not for long if I didn't fix this wound now.

I breathed a sigh of relief. Now, time for Step Two; Stop the bleeding.

I tore off a large piece of my tunic and placed it over the hole in his gut where the wood had been, blood seeping through the fabric immediately. That being a failure, I tore off the sleeves of my tunic and the bottom layer of my gray ruffled skirt. Then I tore the sleeves in half, and started wrapping them tightly but gently around the boy's chest. After I was done, I checked the seepage. None. Score!

Step Three; Keep him warm and out of the way of raging weather.

I couldn't stay out here all night, my dad and Toothless would come looking for me. My dad might not find me that easily unless he found and followed the trail I had crashed through, but Toothless definately would, trail or not.

So, to keep him warm, I took off my fur vest, which had always been too big for me, and draped it gently over him, like a blanket. Next, with about all the strength I could muster up, I pulled him underneath a nearby willow tree.

There. That would most likely keep him safe until I came back bright and early in the morning.

There were no wolves or anything big like that that could eat him if I left him for the night. No dragon would harm the him, and Thor knows that I couldn't bring him back to the village.

So, with one last look at the boy, I turned and began my trek back to the village.

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By the time I got back to the beach, it had started to rain. I can't say I wasn't worried about the boy in the woods, but I had dragged him back out of the reach of the rain, underneath a big willow tree. He also had my fur vest. So he was safe and warm there. That was more than I could say for myself.

I had ripped off the sleeves of my tunic and the bottom of my skirt to tend to his wounds. So, when I got back to the village in the dark, and the now pouring-and freezing-rain, I was _freezing_!

About twenty minutes later, I had finally reached my house. Walking past the dragon shelter outside the house, I heard Glimmer chortle to me from inside. I smiled through the rain and the dark, even though I couldn't see her.

"Hey girl! I'm okay! Goodnight!" I yelled to her over the noise. Needless to say, it felt weird to say 'hi then bye' like that. I'll bet it sounded weird to you, too, dear reader.

I burst into my house, relieved to be out of the rain. As I closed the door, I smiled to myself, then sighed. It was nice, being out of the stinging rain's path. Then I turned around, and my smile immediately dissapeared, and I had to swallow a shriek, but not before a tiny bit of it slipped through my lips, of course.

My parents. Both of them. Standing just a foot away. _How_ had I not've seen them there before? Seriously? I gulped. By the looks on their faces, they were _not_ happy.

They both wore the practically identical frown. Both of their arms were crossed, their feet planted apart, standing right beside each other, the whole shebang.

Uh-oh. I thought.

"Young lady, where have you been?" Dad asked, sternly.

"U-um, I-I w-was, um, uh, w-well, I uh, t-there, uh," was all I could get out.

"We're waiting." Mom said, impatiently.

Oh, krap! I thought, terrified.

"Uh, um, I, uh..." that was it. All I could think of at that moment, right there. Well, besides the truth, anyway, which, obviously, I couldn't say.

Then, I came up with a brilliant, and realistic (if this lie was from anyone else, they never would have believed it, but, because it was me, they did).

"I, um, I-I got lost."

They were silent for a second or two.

"You got lost?" Mom said each word as if she misheard me severly. As if I had said it one word at a time, I actually kinda did.

"Y-yeah, I-I just t-totally lost my entire sense of direction. Y-you know, I was just taking a walk in the woods, taking in the sights, and stuff, then I was completely lost. Just, way out there. It took me a few minutes to get back." I said, triumphant at my own genius-ness.

My parents looked at each other in confusion.

"Um, It's eleven-thirty." Dad said.

"Really?" I said, suddenly not stuttering. I guess I had been gone longer than I thought I had thought, way longer. "No wonder I'm so tired. C-can I go to bed now? P-please?"

Mom and Dad looked at each other again, and sighed at the same time. How did they do that?

"Alright," Mom said, "You can go to bed. But don't think you're off the hook. We're gong to have a serious talk tomorrow."

"And some mapping lessons." Dad added, as I flew up the stairs.

I charged into my room, threw on some dry clothes, jumped into bed, and sighed. That was like a record-breaker for fastest 'getting ready for bed' ever. I was exhausted! Tomorrow I would wake up, bright and early, and rush to the boy, with some clothes and food for him. I'm sure I could grab some of Blunder's old stuff, he wouldn't notice. Most likely. But as for the food, I'd have to be careful what I take, the way Blunder ate, he would notice a single grain of rice missing from half a mile away. I guess he inhereted that from our grandfather.

But for now, I'd just have to do my best to get some sleep, and hope this would all be better in the morning.

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YEEEEEEAAAAAAHHH buddy! Finally finished! It's 10:12 right now, I'm at home alone, well, aside from my little brother, and I'm TIRED! Please tell me what you think, because the action has just begun!

4. Zephyr

Hi! I'm back! Okay, so this chapter was planned out in my head for a while now, so it's time for me to put it onto the pages for you! Please leave reviews! Let me know how I'm doing!

Enjoy!

Oh, and one more thing. The idea for the name 'Zephyr' came from my neighbor. Their oldest son has a three-year old daughter named Zephyr. My big sister used to date the neighbor's youngest boy and he tols her, so she told me. She thought it was awesome and so did I.

So, please tell me how you like Zephyr in the reviews! I would love some feedback!

Disclaimer: I can dream, can't I?

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Chapter Four

Zephyr

I woke up early, early, the next morning. I'm guessing it was from worrying about the boy in the forest. I know I shouldn't have left him there, but I couldn't have just taken him home with me.

After what my father had said about what we do to hostile shipwrecked Outcasts, I wasn't about to saunter up to my parents saying "Hey mom and dad, check out what followed me home! Canwekeep'im? Canwekeep'im? Canwekeep'im? Huh? Huh? Huh?".

So, I got up, got dressed, and went to my brother's drawer for clothes for the boy. I grabbed an old tunic, a vest, a blanket and the first aid kit from the closet in the hall. Then I went to the kitchen and grabbed a bunch of cooked fish for the boy. I was sure he must've been hungry.

Then I set out. It had stopped raining, but it was still wet everywhere.

I was about halfway across the yard when Glimmer chortled again from inside the dragon shelter. I stopped to consider my options. Either I could take her down to find the boy in a lot less time, or leave her here. If I take her with me to the boy, considering he's an Outcast, she might react hostilely. But, if I leave her here, if my dad notices me gone but not Glimmer, he would definately suspect something.

Considering all my downsides, I was overlooking the only upside. If I took Glimmer with me, I would get there-and come back-quick and hassle-free. So that was settled. I'd take her and hope that the Gods will grace me with a friendly, happy dragon.

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I rode Glimmer into the dark pre-dawn sky. I had let her sniff a cloth with smeared blood from the boy that I forgot to take out of my pocket. Her intellegance led me straight onto the airbourne trail.

We rode for no more than twenty minutes before we reached the place I had left the boy. Once we touched down, there were two things I noticed right away; number one, there wasn't any blood scattered across the leaves and twigs on the ground, so that must've meant that the boy hadn't bled much after I had wrapped him in my skirt, sleeves, and vest. Then there's number two, the boy wasn't there.

Uh-oh.

I scrambled around the nearest trees, desperately searching for any sign of the boy. If he had gotten up, it had to have been insanely painful for him, the way that piece of wood was lodged in his stomach. He was unconscious when I got the wood out of him, so he didn't know that I was just a little girl. He probably thought I was a burly Viking waiting to kill him for being uncooperative, so I could impale his head on a pike and send his body on a rowboat back to his family and friends...

If I were an injured boy on an enemy island known for killing their rude guests, where would I go? Definately somewhere that I can keep an eye out for passerbys.

The only thing I could think of was a tree. But there were so many, and that would be a waise to go, a very painful trip. So the next thing would be a boulder or a-a cove!

Of course! That's where my dad met Toothless, maybe it runs in the family to totally betray our ways of life. And both of those things took place in the cove. That's pretty weird how that works out, actually.

I took Glimmer around the island and landed just outside of the cove, where I told her to stay there unless I called out to her, no matter what. I've heard that the Outcasts are still enemies with dragons, so I didn't want to freak the kid out in any way.

I got down through the path my dad had escorted me down yesterday, and I must say, I admire the boy's strength. He made it all this way, gravely injured, man, that's insane. Seriously. I honestly wouldn't be surprised if he tried to kill me as if he didn't have a scratch on him.

I spoke too soon.

Because he jumped out from behind a boulder as I was walking past and pinned me against a boulder that was leaned against another boulder in such a way that it was almost like a cave nearby.

I gasped and barely swallowed a yelp, but not before a tiny bit slipped through my lips.

The boy had me by the neck, one hand weilding a little dagger, and the other hand clamped painfully down on my throat. To a normal Viking, he would've posted no threat, but I wasn't necessarily a normal Viking, now was I? So to me, one little swipe of the dagger, or too much pressure on my fragile neck, I'd be dead in an instant, either that or die slowly and painfully, but either way, I was a gonner.

He stared at me with intense bright blue eyes, that were so bright and piercing that they seemed to glow through the shade, but somehow, they seemed strangely familiar. I have no idea where I've seen them before, but I just know I have. They were eerie, but beautiful in a way. He had brown-or black, maybe-coloured hair, it was impossible to tell in the shade of the rocks.

I stood there, shaking, gasping, staring at him with huge, scared green eyes like an idiot. I couldn't help it. I was terrified. He had a sinister-and scary!-look on his slim face. He leaned in close to me after I had slightly calmed down, so close I could feel his breath on my lips. He hovered there, barely an inch away from me, his blue eyes glaring into mine, hatred and confsion gleamed within them, and a mix of something else, curiosity, I'm almost positive, and, I'll be damned if it was fear.

He parted his lips to speak. "Cad is ainm duit?" he said.

Now I'm sure the confusion transferred from his eyes to mine. "Huh?" I asked, voice shaking.

"Me comprende-tu?" he said, in a different language this time, but I still couldn't understand it.

"I-I, uh, I s-still can't understand you." I just figured he'd keep talking in a ton of languages until he reached one that I could understand.

"Wakarimasu ka?"

That one made me giggle a bit, but I still didn't get it. "Nope."

"Â¿me entienden?"

"Uh-uh."

"Hoe zit het nu"

That one made me giggle that much more. "Try again."

"O tome kako sada"

I shook my head.

"Beth am awr? Quam de nunc?"

I knew that last one, but not fluently enough to hold a hostile conversation. It was Latin. My dad taught me, I wasn't a whiz at it yet.

"Keep going," I told him.

"NÃ°? Jetzt?"

"Not there yet."

"Teraz?"

"Sorry."

"Come ar!" he said in distress.

"Little further."

"How about now? Anois?"

"There you go!" I said, glad for relief from foreign language babble.

"Anois?" he repeated.

"No, wait, go back one."

"Now?" he asked.

"Yeah, that one." I responded.

"Oh, okay, great. Thanks for that." he said, with a bit of a relieved smile.

"Yeah, sure thing." I returned.

"Now," the sinister-ness was back, and I was right back to cowering and shaking like a nervous sheep. "Where am I?"

"The Isle of Berk." I answered in a small voice.

"Berk?"

"Yeah."

He looked out at the cove for a moment and got a distant look in his eyes, and I swear a look of pleading crossed those ghostly blue eyes.

He snapped out of it in a split second and turned his head back to face me.

"You live here, right?" he asked and I nodded.

"So you know a man by the name of Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third?" he asked urgently.

I felt a surge of fear blast through my body in a wave of heat. He wanted my dad. Uh-oh again.

"Uhhmm, N-no." I lied.

He glared at me, and the fear fell through me again. "You're a horrible liar. I know you know who he is. Now tell me, where is he?"

"I-I-I don't kn-kn-kn-"

"Slow down." he snapped, impatiently and pressed down harder on my neck. He raised the knife higher, up to my eyes, laying it on the skin near my hair. He uttered the next words through gritted teeth. "Where. Is. He?"

I swallowed. Okay, Less. Time to unleash what my mother taught me...

In one swift move, my wrists flew up and smacked the boy's hands away from me, grabbed him by the shoulders, lifted my leg, and kneed him in the groin.

He fell to his knees immediately.

I tried not to laugh as he gasped for breath. He then tried to get back up, but he barely got on all fours when I kicked him in the ribs to keep him down.

He rolled over with the force of the kick. He just barely held back a scream of agony.

Oh, man!

I totally forgot about his injury! I scrambled to grab the first aid kit from the ground where I dropped what I'd been carrying when he tackled me and raced back to his side, kneeling down next to him, but still kept a bit of distance between us.

"Oh, I'm sorry! I completely forgot that you're hurt!" I was about to touch him when I hesitated. "Look, I-I'm going to try to help you, but you have to promise not to try to kill me in the process." I opened the kit. "My mom taught me a little about first aid, so you don't have to worry about me accidentally chopping you in half."

He stared at me, an untrusting (If that's even a word!) look on his face.

I reached out and removed his hands, which had been cradling his stomach in pain. I scooted closer to him.

"It's gonna be okay, I'm not gonna hurt you-or, at least if you don't hurt me first, that is."

I unwrapped the makeshift tourniquet from his slender form, and pulled out a needle and thread. He started breathing faster as I readied the needle and brought it down to his skin. I gulped hard. Let's do this.

I'm so not going to go into specifics with the whole sewing up the poor kid while he screamed stuff, I don't ever want to think about that again, in all honesty. So I'll just skip to me cutting the thread with my teeth.

He was still wincing in pain and breathing hard. I was wincing, too, at the pain I had put him in. But I know that he would heal and be safe, once it was over.

"I'm gonna wrap you up now, okay? This won't hurt nearly as much as the needle did, but it won't be a picnic, either." I said as I put the needle back and pulled out the wraps.

He let loose a tiny moan of pain as I secured the wraps tightly, but as gently as I could.

"My dad taught me this song," I said, still wrapping the boy. "I sing it to myself whenever I feel sad, or scared, or I'm in pain or something like that." I began to sing my favorite song.

"I remember tears streaming down your face,

When I said,

'I'll never let you go',

When all those shadows almost killed your light.

I remember you said,

'Don't leave me here alone',

But all that's dead and gone and passed tonight.

Just close your eyes,
The sun is going down.
You'll be alright,
No one can hurt you now.
Come morning light,
You and I'll be
Safe and sound.**[1]**"

He relaxed and stared at me with his blue eyes, now quite gentle and sweet, as I finished the song and finished wrapping.

"You have a beautiful voice." the boy said, his expression and voice emotionless.

"T-thank you," I said, blushing. "M-my dad used to say I have my grandmother's voice."

"Used to?"

"Yeah, w-we're not too close anymore. We talk every now and then, but it's kinda lacking enthusiasm. I guess he's just a little tired of my screwing up all the time. Even though my mom says he was just like me when he was my age." I said the words with a little bit of shame. I must embarrass my dad a lot.

The boy let out a tiny chuckle. "Sounds like me and my dad. Not that I've seen him lately, but, I just came to the conclusion, based on when I have seen him."

"When was that?"

He thought for a few seconds. "About...three."

"Years?" I said incredulously.

"No," he said, shaking his head. "I haven't seen him _since_ I was three."

My eyes grew wide and sympathetic. "Oh, I-I'm sorry."

He gave me a tiny grin, although his eyes had filled with sorrow. "So, you said that your dad said you sing like your grandmother. Did she die?" he asked.

"Yeah. Way before I was born. My dad barely knew her, but he says he remembers her tucking him in and singing that song to him." We were silent for a few minutes before I remembered the rest of the things I had brought to the cove. It was bright outside, now, at least nine in the morning. It's funny how time flies when you're stitching up a kid.

"Oh, um I brought this stuff for you. The tunic is my brother's, but I'm sure he won't notice one gone." I said as I pulled out a grey tunic from the pile of stuff I'd brought. I handed it to him and he

took it with a look that was half confusion, half amusement.

"You brought me clothes?" he asked, a smirk playing across his lips.

"Yeah, and I left my vest with you last night, too." i replied, I smiled a little, as well.

He chuckled, this time it wasn't small. "Look at us, two enemies talking about daddy issues and bringing each other clothes. Where have I heard that one before?"

We laughed a little. Then he tried to sit up. He winced and I gently grabbed his shoulders for support, in return, he grabbed my waist as he pushed himself so he was leaning his back against the rock behind him.

"Thanks." he said as he took the tunic.

"Yeah. Sure." I said. Then I started nervously, "D-do, um, do you n-need any h-help p-putting it on?"

Curse my nervous stuttering!

"Uh, yeah, sure." he said, and I was sure he was in the same state of awkward as I was.

I gently pulled the tunic on the boy's arms, over his head, and pulled it down over his torso.

After a few moments, I asked him, "What's your name?"

"Zephyr."

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There we go! Sorry about not posting last weekend, I've been exhausted from school lately. Pleasepleaseplease review! Tell me how I'm doing, and if you have any suggestions for me, I'd love to hear them!

[1] Song is 'Safe and Sound' by Taylor Swift feat. The Civil Wars from The Hunger Games soundtrack.

Thank you so much for reading!

5. Secrets

This happened to me two mondays ago, I hope it makes you smile:).

**I woke up at 5am (three hours before I naturally get up), like always, and got ready for school. So, I get dressed, wash my face, brush my hair, eat, brush my teeth, pack my lunch, then pack my backpack. All I had to do before I walked out the door was grab my jacket and my shoes and head out. I woke up my mom at 6am, so she can drive me three miles to the bus stop at 6:10am. But do you know what

she told me? **

***"Taylor, there's no school, it's President's Day."**

Disclaimer: This is the expression I have on for both the disclaimer, and after my mom informed me about the holiday misadventure; (I couldn't make bug eyes on this computer)

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Chapter Five

Secrets

"Zephyr."

What a lovely name.

"What's yours?" the boy-sorry, I mean Zephyr asked, looking back to me with those ghostly blue eyes.

"Less Spontaneous Ha-" I stopped short. I almost spilled the beans about how I do, in fact, know who Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third is, on account of he is my father. If Zephyr knew that, I'd pretty much be screwed.

"What?" he asked.

I cleared my throat and tried again.

"L-l-Less Spontaneous Havard the Fourth." Nice one.

Zephyr gave a laugh that came out only as a small smirk and a puff of air through his nose. Then it evaporated just as quickly as it had appeared and he turned serious once again.

"Was it you?" he asked.

"W-what was me?" I asked.

"This." he gestured to the bandage across his chest and lifted my vest in his hand, which I have no idea where that came from, considering he had nothing in his hands that whole time.

"Well, yeah, you watched me like a hawk while I wrapped it." I replied sarcastically.

"Not now. Last night," he said, irritably. "You wrapped me with cloth and covered me with this vest, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't. It must've been the trolls my dad's told me about," I pulled off my left boot to make sure my sock was still on. "Whew, my left sock is still on, you might wanna check yours, just in case they took a suvenior. They could use it to track your scent, as well. You know, in case they want to eat your entire left foot."

Zephyr's eyes went wide as he pulled off his boot to reveal...his left sock. He breathed a sigh of relief.

"U-um," I said, stifling a laugh. "I was kidding. Trolls don't even eat people. In Berk. Probably." I stated, realizing my dad never warned me about trolls eating humans. I'll have to ask dad when I get home.

"Oh." Zephyr said. I swear I even saw his pale cheeks turn red with embarrassment. I tried not to smirk, but failed. "So, it was you."

"Yeah."

"How bad was it?" he asked.

I took a deep breath. "It was pretty bad, in all honesty." I told him about how I had found him, about his injury, about pretty much everything.

"Wow. I-I'm sorry you had to do all that. But thank you, for saving my life." he said.

I smiled. Look who's stuttering now. "Sure thing."

After a while of talking, it dawned on me that, had this been a normal day, I would probably be home for lunch, or at least to hang out with my friends by now. I looked to the sky, now bright with age from the hours that had passed by so idly during this time enjoyed by Zephyr and myself, talking like old friends, catching up on everything missed over the years of neglect and social torture. My stomach even contributed to the conversation, thus eliminating the need to read the position of the sun in the noon (an educated guess, by the way) light.

Zephyr laughed at hearing the gurgling coming from my abdomen while I turned a shade of pink and tried to hide the embarrassed smirk playing across my lips.

"Guess it's time for you to leave, huh?" he asked, though I'm sure it was a rhetorical question. I swear I thought I heard some sadness in his voice, almost as if he were saying goodbye to that old friend mentioned earlier, knowing he probably wouldn't see them for a long time, if ever again.

"Y-yeah, but I'll come back later this afternoon, as soon as I can get away from my normal activities. I would just slip away whenever, but I don't want to raise suspicion." I said.

"Oh, yeah, I hear you. It's cool. Come back whenever. I'll be okay." he sounded rushed, and he dragged out the 'okay' a little too long, making me feel two things; guilt for leaving him, and worry, also for leaving him. Also a little suspicious, like either he wanted me gone, or there was something else he was hiding. Although I'm sure there was a whole butt-load he was hiding, this seemed to catch my attention a lot more than it should.

Maybe it was because he was my enemy, and I'm supposed to be cautious around him, or just the fact that something didn't feel right about this. He was definitely distracted, maybe even a little bit nervous about something. What, I didn't know. But I sure did care. Because as big and strong and brave as he was, and as much as I had grown to

enjoy his company in the past few hours than anyone or anything else that I had ever known in my entire life, what made him nervous would probably make me terrified.

"Are you okay?" I asked him.

He snapped back to reality in a matter of seconds, fast enough so that I may as well have imagined that whole ordeal of anxiety just moments before.

"Yeah. You go home, okay Less? I'll see you later." he said with a small smile, that, pulled by anyone else, would've never worked on me in a million years. But, now that I've gotten to know him a little, I thought of as totally normal.

"Okay, see you." I said as I stood up. "I'll bring you more supplies tonight, when I come to check on you."

"Great, thanks." I walked over to the almost empty pile of supplies from before and picked up the fish.

"Here's some food to last you the day. I couldn't take much because my brother could sense the smallest change in our food supply from an ocean away." Zephyr laugh aloud at that, which made me smile as I handed him the smelly fish.

He looked up at me, ghostly blue eyes alight with the smile that the laugh had brought to his young face. And for a moment, I completely forgot about how our tribes had been sworn enemies since time began. I completely forgot about the disappointment coming from my parent's face whenever they realize that I'm never going to change. I completely forgot about how my 'friends' would never understand me. I completely forgot that if anyone ever found out about what I'm doing, they would probably kill Zephyr if he showed any signs of hostility, which he already had, and they would probably have to kill me, too, if I tried to stop them from hurting him. I completely forgot all my worries and that constant dull throbbing in my chest was vaporized, replaced by a mysterious but wonderful fluttery feeling, my breath stolen by those odd (there was just no other word for it) blue eyes.

All I could think about was how I never wanted that moment to end. I could only think about how I never wanted him to leave me, or, how I never wanted to leave him, just like everyone else in both of our lives. We were so connected it was obvious, it almost hurt. Even more so, as we were preparing to go separate ways. I wanted to stay there with him, to exchange stories, laughter, tears, and our lives. All felt pretty weird to admit, because I had only known him for a few hours, like I said before. That was a lot to feel in just a moment. A very short moment, because when it ended, so did the feeling. So I decided to escape while I still could.

"W-w-w-well, I-I-I'd b-better g-get going." Wow, what was wrong with my speech today? I really need to take care of that.

"Uh, yeah. Bye." he responded, with an expression I couldn't quite read. Had he felt the same thing I had? I didn't think so. But then again, I hadn't thought my friends or family were oblivious to my absence.

So I got out of there.

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I exited the cove and found Glimmer not too far away, eating a rabbit who had been unlucky enough to stumble upon the Skrill at lunch time. I sight and smell the torn apart rabbit gave off made me dry heave.

I flew Glimmer hurriedly back to the village, rushing to get to my peers to avoid any suspicion. When I touched down, however, the possibility of a single Viking in the entire village giving a suspicious glance in my direction was strictly out of the question.

Because all the suspicion was aimed toward my father.

I had gone straight to the usual alley, expecting to see my brother and one of my many cousins sparring in the center of our make-shift hang-out and training arena.

Many people wondered why we didn't just use the kill ring, like everybody else. Well, 'everybody else' were always practicing in there, and the adults took up most of the room. Our training ring was small enough so we could keep tabs on one another, but not too small so that the teens fighting would be cramped or endanger the teens in the 'stands'. We could say whatever we wanted, do whatever we wanted, insult whoever we wanted, and fight whoever we wanted. When the adult were around to tell us things like 'Don't say that!', or 'Fight someone your own size!', or even 'Stab 'em like a man, girl!', we usually improve our skills a lot better.

Anyway, when I got about halfway down the alley and didn't hear any grunts, or yelps, or the sound of wood breaking, I broke into a run. I'm not exactly sure why I did, but I guess the nerves from the incident in the cove had me on edge.

When I reached the end of the alley, I looked around, and, seeing no one around, the nerves just about had me on my knees. I turned and sprinted out of the training arena and into the street beyond the alley. Out in the strangely deserted street, I heard the faint murmur of uneasy Vikings not too far off.

I sprinted in the direction of the disturbance, the sounds echoing louder and louder as I neared my house. When I cleared the hill that stood in my path, I stopped short. Well, more like skidded to a stop. There, in front of my house, was a mob made up every Viking in the village.

I pushed and wedged my way through the thick crowd, desperately trying to get to my house. At this point, I was freaking out so bad, I was about to scream for every body to get the hell out of my way, until I bumped into a massive body near the edge of the cluster. The figure turned at the tiny jostle, and I barely caught a glimpse of the wild red hair and beard, now flecked with gray, before I knew who it was.

"Grandpa!" I said as I struggled to regain my balance.

"Less!" his eyes grew wide and he glanced back to the house, then

back to me. He began trying to shoo me away, with a strangely hushed voice.

"Go, run along with your friends, you don't need to see this..." his voice trailed off.

The nerves were clawing at my eyeballs, so I just thought 'Ah, screw it!', ducked under his arms, and ran toward the break of the mob.

"Less, no!" he called after me, but I wasn't listening as I ran toward the center of attention, where he wouldn't dare follow me.

And as I turned and saw what everyone was staring at, I realized why.

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Haha! Cliffhanger! Sorry it's taken so long and it's so short, but I've been depressed on and off for about two weeks now, nothing serious or life-threatening, just feeling down. So please review, it would make me smile when I'm down in the deep, dark whole of ridicule adults call middle school. Pure. Torture.

Thanks for reading! Lay-tor!

6. The Witness

Hello, again! I want to get this story finished and my ideas out there, especially since I had today off from school! Enjoy and PLEASE review! Thanks for reading!

Disclaimer: UUUUUUGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!

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Chapter Six

The Witness

What the...?

I didn't really have anything else to say.

This was... I can't even begin to...You know what? I'll just explain it to you.

Right in front of my house, struggling and scurrying, was my dad. But he wasn't alone. My mom and both of my uncles were struggling to hold one unknown and crazy-looking man, blabbing about something or other, screaming his head off and fighting them all the while.

He was huge, had crazy gray hair exploding from his head, and a giant bush-like gray beard. He screamed like a madman, his words fumbling and rising and falling at random times, almost like he was drunk. Maybe he was. Who knows? Anyway, his words were slurred and hard to understand, but I managed to get this much out of his rant.

"...The boy...Must warn...His father...Dead...Run...Escape...NOW!" he fought against all of their holds, limbs flailing wildly all the while.

My father was trying to calm the man, but apparently it wasn't working, because all of a sudden, the mans fist flew up and collided with the side of my dad's face, and my dad was knocked backwards and hit the hard ground with a grunt.

"Hiccup!" My mom shouted, letting go of the man and running to my dad's aid.

I drew nearer, unnoticed by anyone, and my mom's voice broke through the rukus the man was making.

"We have to do it. He's a maniac, a danger to all of us." she said, on her knees next to Dad, who was propping himself up on his elbows.

"Are you sure there was no one else on the ship?" he asked.

"We're sure. He had no weapons, no supplies, no nothing. He must've been banished from his island." she responded, helping up off the ground.

"All right," he took a deep breath in through his nose, let it out through his mouth, and unsheathed his sword.

He took slow steps forward, sword in hand, as the man struggled even more, and his words became more urgent, I swear I heard fear along in the frantic man's butchered sentences.

"Wait...Attack...The boy...The boy!...Finish...Task...THE BOY!" he was absolutely FRANTIC now, wiggling like a snake.

I don't know what came over me next, maybe my crazy impulsiveness, maybe even Fate herself. But either way, I felt my lips separate, and I heard my voice slip past them, in an uncharacteristically loud and frantic fashion.

"WAIT!"

Everyone turned, frozen, and all was silent. As was I.

After a moment or two, I snapped back into my body. And I meant business.

"Can you not hear him? H-He's trying to tell you something." I stepped forward, now that everyone, including the strange man, was silent, he seemed safe enough to approach.

As I stepped closer, my uncles released the man and stepped back, but close enough to grab a hold of him if he tried to hurt me.

I kept moving closer, the people around me watching in a blissful yet creepy silence, as if waiting for something bad to happen, because silence was a strange occurence on our island, something that should never be.

I stopped right in front of the man, staring up at him. It was now or

never.

It was now.

"Tell me. I'll listen." I said.

He hesitated, but then gave in, the slurring and drunken jumble of words gone, but the urgency still remained.

"The boy. He has to complete his task and get back to the village, or else-" his voice became hushed, and he leaned down to my level. "-or else _they_ will come."

"Who? Who will come?"

He didn't answer, but instead, kept on talking in that same urgent and hushed voice.

"The boy's absent father sent him on a task to be initiated into the tribe. The boy hasn't seen his father in ages. It's because his father is-"

I cut him off abruptly, although after I did it, I wasn't sure why.

"Wait, what boy?" I was now the frantic one, my voice shaking slightly.

"The boy with the dark hair and the bright eyes." he spoke the words slowly, in a whisper, adding to the fear rushing through my body. "I don't know his name, nor his father's. All I know is," he paused again, glancing around at the surrounding Vikings. "his father's only message to his son was the task, nothing more, nothing less. He must complete the task, or they will come. They will kill him. They will kill you, too. They will kill _everyone_. You must tell him. No one else can."

"Why can't you?" I asked, my voice dropping to the same volume his voice was at.

He looked around again. "I won't get that far."

Then leaned down further and whispered into my ear;

"It's up to you now. You must warn him. You are the only one who can save us now. Carry out the deed."

Then he straightened, whipped his hand out, and backhanded me across the face.

I was instantly knocked to the ground, my hand flew to my cheek, the pain synging my skin.

"Less!" my father yelled, while my uncles restrained the man again, who had become wild and crazy in a split second. What was he doing? He could have lived, had he stayed tranquil like he had while he warned me.

Then it hit me. And by hit me, I don't mean another fist.

He was _trying_ to kill himself.

I presumed that, if he were to live, if whoever _they_ were really did come to the island, he would suffer a worse fate than death. He must've guessed by the way my father tried to calm him, that he wasn't like most Vikings. My father would kill him quickly. In his perspective, that was a good thing.

I scrambled to my feet.

"NO!" I screeched.

But it was too late.

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DONE! Haha, another short chapter. If I had my way, it would be waaaaaayyyy longer, but it's late and I have to go to work tomorrow. So thanks for reading, and PLEASE review! Love u lots!

7. The Fake Truth

Today, I was loading a hay bale into the hay cart to feed our horses with, and one of the iron hay hooks I was using wouldn't go into one side, so after a few tries, I got p*ssed off, and rammed the hook into the bale, but I had swung the hook so hard that it slipped through the hay I was trying to get it through, and into my right thumb (I was holding the other hook with my right hand). (I didn't cry, if you're wondering, although I felt like it!) So I walk up to my house, bleeding all over the place, and I went down the hall looking for my dad.

Me: Dad?

Dad: What?

Me: Um, I had a little accident.

Dad: What'd you do?

Me: (Shows him)

Dad: (Eyes go big for a moment and mouth opens a crack)

Me: (Explains)

Dad: What do you want me to do about it?

Me: Well, I've lost, like, a pint of blood already, I think I might need a doctor, for one. (I didn't actually say that, but I was thinking it!)

Dad: Wash it out with water and put a bandage on it. Oh, and we don't have any hot water, so you'll have to wash it with cold.

Me: "[Bleep]" (I didn't really say that, either.)

I lost the sensation in all my right fingers.

****So thanks for reading, and please review! Any feedback is like a breath of fresh air after I'd been locked inside a locker full of smelly socks all afternoon.****

****Disclaimer: "[Bleep]"****

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Chapter Seven

The Fake Truth

I closed my eyes as I heard the stomach-churning _thump_ of the man's body hitting the ground.

I opened them as the crowd began to shuffle noisely back to their own business. I managed to spot the gang, just before they began to walk away. Tremor and Goose were shaking their heads in a depressed 'tsk-tsk' fashion in unison. Lithella was picking her nails and had a disgusted look on her face, as usual. Braith was looking down at the ground, kicking at the dust, awkwardly. Gorge was standing next to Lithella, and, by the greenish look on his face, I could tell he was about ready to throw up. I locked eyes with Frey, and the ever-present smile behind them was gone. Blunder was dragging his feet up to our mom, who embraced him comfortingly.

The rest of the teens vacated the scene, leaving my family and family friends alone.

My uncles and aunt picked up a makeshift gurney made of wood. On top of the gurney, covered with a dirt stained-and now blood stained-sheet, lay the man's body, concealed by the nasty looking white-ish sheet. In the midst of it all, my father was pacing around and looked about ready to pitch a fit.

I approached with caution.

As soon as I stepped into my father's line of vision, he was standing in front of me in a heartbeat.

"Less, are you alright?" he asked, concern contorting his face.

"I-I'm okay, Dad." I answered, although I was far from okay.

He placed his hands gingerly on my cheeks, positioning my face so he could inspect the injury on my face, which I could feel starting to swell, by the way.

"No, you're not." he was angry now, not just about me denying my own pain, but about everything. He straightened up, and scowled dissapointedly down at me from his full height. "What did he say? What did he tell you?"

"U-uh, um, he-he, uh," as usual, I started, but couldn't finish.

"WHAT DID HE SAY?" Dad was a-n-g-r-y now. He grabbed me by the shoulders and held me there in a tight grip. Which made stutter even

more.

"No-nothing!" I said, my voice shaking.

"Less, what he said obviously disturbed you. Tell me, now. If you don't tell me, you could endanger the entire village!" he was still yelling and had the death grip on me. My shoulders started to sting and my ears were ringing.

"He-he just-uh, I couldn't even understand what he said, really, and I could, um, I could smell the drunk-ness on his breath. He was crazy!" I was desperate to get out of there, now.

He just stared at me with that now familiar scowl. My mom and Blunder were staring at us a few feet away, now. Bewildered that our doting man of the house had freaked out on his only daughter, like his father had years before.

Mom had always said he had a rough childhood, rougher than ours. She had said that his father was very hard on him, and she also said that he didn't want us to go through the same thing. But yet, here he was, yelling at me like a champ. The anger and disappointment must've just gotten the best of him, this time.

"Dad, please let go,"

He blinked in confused shock a few times, realizing what he had done. He released me and then stepped back, then he just stared at me. Then he sighed and looked away.

"Go." he said, then he turned and walked away.

I didn't pay too much attention to where he was going, just that he wouldn't look at my mom, just at the ground ahead. So, while I still could, I turned, too. Only in the opposite direction. Then I ran.

Then I stopped again. I remembered my promise to Zephyr. I ran into my house, gathered as many supplies as I could, then ran out the back door.

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I ran and ran and ran. I never stopped, not until I reached the cove. The adrenaline and shock must've fueled me, because I was positive I was going to faint, but I didn't.

When I finally reached the cove, I scampered down the rocks to the solid ground below, still running. I looked around the bluff, my sharp eyes searching for Zephyr. Having no luck, I gave up, stopping and setting the supplies, which I had wrapped in an extra blanket, on the ground next to a boulder.

Then the exhaustion caught up with me, and I couldn't control my legs as I lost all sensation in them, falling to my knees, bracing myself on my arms. I had to fight for breath, but the pain in my legs and chest could never compare to what I was feeling in my heart. The pain and shock of it all caught a hold of me, as well. I fought against tears as well as air.

I heard a scraping noise as Zephyr slid from the top of the boulder I was up against, landing flawlessly and dropping down on his knees beside me.

He set his hands down on my hunched shoulders comfortably.

"Less, what's wrong?" he asked, his concern audible in his slightly boyish voice.

I was still gasping, my lungs burning with white hot pain. I looked up at him, and the first thing I noticed was that his eyes were contorted with concern.

I willed myself to tell him what happened without stuttering.

"A-A m-man," so far, my plan of not stuttering was a fail. "He-he, uh,"

I cleared my throat, which soon became a hacking cough.

"What about a man?" Zephyr asked, cautiously, as if he knew what I was talking about. Maybe he did. Maybe he knew all along that someone would come to warn him about what he had gotten himself into. I'll bet he did. I also bet that he would never tell me any of it. I was just the naive little Viking girl who just happened to stumble upon him and save his life.

The remains of the feelings I had had earlier that morning had disintegrated at those thoughts. They were replaced by a numbing anger. That anger fueled me to go on.

"There was a man, an old, crazy-looking man. Or at least that's what everyone else thought. I just listened to him. And do you know what he told me?"

Zephyr shook his head.

"He told me about a boy. The boy has to complete his task, the one his father sent him on, and then he has to get back to his village, or else-and I quote-'they' will come." I glared lightly but accusingly at him. I could tell the words were sinking in. Zephyr was turning a slight pale color. It was very hard to notice, but I noticed it anyway. "He described the boy, too. He said the boy had dark hair and bright eyes. Now, I may not be an expert at visualizing descriptions, but as far as I could tell, that pretty much describes you,"

"Zephyr."

He blinked.

"What are you not telling me?"

He gulped.

"Tell me, I need to know!" I found myself repeating my father's words.

He sighed, and looked out towards the water in front of us. He

squinted slightly in the glare of the sun reflecting of the water. The waves lapped slowly and gently against the shore, creating a small splashing noise, one that I had grown to love. The sound of water provided a sense of security, and it felt like I was back where I was where I was supposed to be all along.

"That man was my uncle. He always looked out for me while my father was gone, which was all the time, by the way. He came to warn me about the dragons here. We don't have dragons on our island, and he must've thought that everyone was still at war with them. So he probably wanted me to get back home safe and sound." Zephyr said.

He was obviously lying. For one, the man said he didn't know the boy he was trying to warn. Second, I knew the Outcasts still hated dragons, but I also knew that they knew dragons weren't too much of a threat, but they didn't care. But for whatever reason, I wasn't too sure I wanted the whole truth on his story, although I would have to push it put of him later, once I got to know him more.

I guess, for right now, the fake truth would have to do.

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Done yet again! Another short chapter, and a long delay, sorry! I had writer's block so it was hard to come up with anything, but I'll make up for it later!

Please review! And thanks for reading!

8. The Explanation

So, tomorrow marks the very first official day of Spring Break! YAY! So, I plan on updating aoap (As often as possible). Thanks for reading and please review! Enjoy or I'll hunt you down! And I mean it.

Disclaimer: Spring Break is waisting away while I'm busy writing disclaimers when I could be at Spring Break parties getting drunker than Snookie's fetus.

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Chapter Eight

The Explanation

After I hung out with Zephyr for a number of hours, once again just talking and laughing like old friends, as soon as dusk appeared, I decided to stop abiding my time and get back home.

I took my time strolling home, careful for trolls, and sorting out my problems-or at least trying to sort them out-while I went. My father was the forgiving type, and he's a nice guy, he just lost control earlier. It happens to all of us. Especially when dealing with me. Yeah, I know I just burned myself, but I deserve it.

After the sun went down, I reached my front door. I absent-mindedly placed my hand over the aged handle of our front door, so familiar

yet so strange.

The dark wood was generally smooth, but was weathered all around, and each little break on the surface of the entire door had it's own story. Like the deep dent on the left hand side of the handle, where the back of my head collided with it when Blunder tackled me for taking one of his orange slices when we were three. Or the crack down the side of the wooden dragon door knocker that was placed by our dad's sword, wielded by Blunder, when he got mad at me for throwing his sandwich across the front lawn when we were ten.

I had been smart enough to run as soon as Blunder gave a cry of rage, and picked up dad's sword from the ground, which we had stolen from our parent's room and were studying out from under their watchful eyes. I had immediately run for the door, but, not being able to figure out why the door wouldn't open (turns out the sole of my boot was in the way of the door, so the thick wood my dad put on the bottom of my fur boots to artificially boost my height wouldn't let the door open more than a half-inch), and when Blunder came at me, I ran out from under his swing, and instead of piercing through my head, it pierced right through the door knocker. We still got into an equal amount of trouble, even though he almost cut my head off.

I smiled to myself as I fingered the wood, tracing over each little flaw in the handle. Oh, how I wish I could go back to those days.

I took a deep breath, opened the old door, and stepped into the place where I call home.

I found my father in the living room, standing above the fireplace, with his arm bracing him on the mantle, the left side of his face, which I could see, was illuminated by the flames. He was staring into the fire, unblinkedly (if that's even a word), his face without any emotion.

I was originally going to talk to him, but as I looked upon him, I decided that wasn't such a good idea. I tried to slip past him as silently as I could, before padding up the stairs. it was a fail.

"Less." he said, his voice as unemotional as his face was. His stare migrated from the fire to the wall above the mantle.

"Dad!" I said, stopping my ascent, nearly falling off the steps as I stopped. "I-I uh, I've gotta talk to you, Dad."

"I have to talk to you, too, Less." he says, turning toward me. He had a grim look, sadness clouding his green eyes, which, technically, were mine, too. Mom had told us before that he looks exactly the way he did when they were both eleven. He just got several feet taller and his guard got shoved up a couple thousand notches. It was part of the job description for being cheif.

We both took deep breaths and both started to speak at the same time.

"I'm sorry for what I did this afternoon," Dad said.

"I'm sorry for how I've been acting lately," I said.

Hearing the other's apology, we stopped, only to start again a split second later.

"What?" We both ask in unison.

"Uh, you go first." Dad said.

"No, you go ahead." I counter.

"No, trust me, you go first." Dad insisted.

"Um, o-okay," I start again, this time, somehow less determined than before, if that's possible. "I'm sorry for how I've been acting lately."

I wait for him to react with a snarky, 'yeah, you should be sorry!' or a, 'you scared me to death, Less! You're always in the way!' or maybe even a 'I'm tired of you and your mistakes!', but none of them come. Recieving no harsh comments, I take that as a sign to continue.

"I-I've uh, I guess I've been acting weird lately. You know, dissapearing before dawn and coming back home after-much, much after-dusk. I know you and Mom don't like it, it probably worries you two a lot, and I-I'm sorry." I pause, still waiting for a scolding comment from my father, but, again having my words meet silence, I continue. "I-I guess you're wondering where I've been going." I pause, now expecting silence. I am right. "Well, I've been, uh," this is a lot harder than I thought it would be. "I've, I've been... training."

That'll have to do.

He just stands there, as unemotional as ever. Silence entraps us both, the only sounds audible are Blunder's faint snores from our room. You have to wonder how I ever get to sleep.

After a few moments of uncomfortable silence, he talks again.

"You're not even going to tell me what you've been training so hard for?" he asks.

"Nope." I say before I can stop myself.

He raises an eyebrow. That was all I needed before jumping headfirst into another pit of lies.

"I mean, uh, I've b-been training for, uh," DANG IT! Sorry. "Outcast raids! I-I wanna be ready. I've still gotta get a hold of a weapon, but I've been climbing a lot of trees lately. And I've been doing somersaults and cartwheels and...stuff."

I decide to stop there.

Once again, silence engulfs the room. The fire beginning to spit at us nearly beats the sound of my stupid brother and his snoring. Dad stares at me as if trying to figure something out. When he speaks again, I know it's because he is trying to figure something out. Me.

"You know, I once acted the same way you are now." he begins. I feel myself brighten a little at this. Mom was always the one who told us about Dad's life, not Dad himself. I dared to be excited at this. Maybe he will tell me something that could be useful to my situation with Zephyr. "And it's because I was betraying the entire village befriending and keeping a dragon as a pet."

Of course.

My face falls again. This doesn't help me at all.

"Oh." I say, flatly.

Dad smirks. He steps toward the chair sitting in front of the fireplace.

"Well, if you're spending so much time 'training' without a weapon, you won't get too far, will you?" he reached back to the left side of the chair, which was hidden from my view, and pulled out something, I wasn't exactly sure what, due to all the shadows caused by the ever-twisting fire just a few feet away. It wasn't until he was just an arms' length from me that the flames allowed me to glimpse what he was holding.

It was a bow and a sheath of arrows.

"I made it for you." he offers it to me, now standing right in front of me.

I am speechless.

That's all I can reason.

I slowly take the bow from his hands, turning it over in my hands, feeling the smooth, dark wood in between my fingers. It was a beautiful bow. As were the arrows. The fletching of the arrows were hawk feathers, a soft yellowish color, nearly gold, with chocolate-y brown lines moving down the sides of the feathers.

"Wow. Thanks." I say, with a disbelieving crooked smile.

"It's my way of saying I'm sorry." Dad walked to the chair again, but this time he sunk down within it. "You know, when I was a kid, I had ot just as bad, of not worse, than you have it. My father couldn't stand me and my mistakes. As soon as your mother and I got married, I told myself I would be a great chief. That I would never treat my children how I was treated back then. To be honest, I was confused when my father would freak out on me whenever I screwed things up for him. I felt kind of like I was on a tightrope then. Just one little slip and he pushed me off at my mistake. I swore to myself I would never to that to my kids. But now, I understand why he did it." he paused, then he turned to stare into the fire. "It's this job, Less. A chief is supposed to feel no pain. But how can I?" He said, I think a little more to himself than to me. "How am I supposed to take care of you and love you when you mess up? When you do-mess up I mean-it not only screws things up for you, it screws things up for me as well, just makes this impossibly hard job even harder. The way you looked at me today, the fear and confusion I saw in your eyes while I was holding onto you, it made me realize what I have become. And it

made me realize that I let myself down. I've let everyone down. I guess that's just what I do. I let down the people-and things-that I love most. I let my Dad down, and my mom, too. I've let Astrid-your mom- down, and Blunder, as well. I let Toothless down, as with all the dragons. Now I guess I'm just supposed to let you down, too. How can I?" he repeated. "How am I supposed to live with that, Less?*[1]** So I'm telling you right now, for the things I've done, and the things you've done, that I forgive you, and that I'm sorry."

He finally stops and he looks up at me. I just stand there, feeling mellow and a little awkward. I walk over to him and wrap my arms around his neck. He picks me up and sets me down in his lap.

"It's okay, Dad." I tell him. And I mean it.

I meant it.

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I went to bed after that.

I slept for about four hours.

Then I got back up and went to see Zephyr. With supplies and my new bow and arrows, of course.

While I was walking through the woods to the cove, I had my bow loaded, and was ready to shoot any bird or rabbit that happened to pass by. I wasn't having any luck, until I realised that it is still nighttime, and the only creature out now are owls and other predators. At least I'll be ready if any unwanted Viking-eaters come out to play.

When I got back to the cove, I found Zephyr wide awake, sitting by the edge of the pond and staring out at the water.

I approached at an angle so he could see me coming and won't attack me. Just to be safe. I sat down cross-legged beside him and stared out at the water, as well.

"Where'd you get the bow and arrows?" he asked, still staring out at the water.

"My dad gave them to me. As a 'Forgive Me' gift." I answered, staring out at the water, as well.

"Cool." he said.

"It would be much cooler if I knew how to shoot." I said, glumly.

We spent the next few moments in silence. Then he turned his head toward me.

"I could teach you."

I turned and peered at him.

"You can?"

"Sure." he said, with a small smirk. "I'm pretty good, but the student's 'good' all depends on the student, not the teacher."

I gave him a smile, and we stood up.

He walked me over to the entrance way, where the shield still stuck between two rocks. He got me into position about ten feet away from the old thing.

"Alright, now hold it just like I told you, and take a deep breath." he said. I did as I was told. The deep breath seemed to have calmed me. "Now focus on the center point of the shield, and when you're ready, let it fly."

I stared at the center of the shield, and let the arrow fly.

The kick of the bow after I let go of the arrow sent it flying out of my hands, but not before the strung of the bow whipped the side of my cheek. The arrow, in turn, missed the shield completely and hit the rock next to it instead, then bounced off of it and hit a bunch of moss and stuck there.

I gave a frustrated sigh and lowered the bow.

Zephyr came up behind me and placed his hand on my shoulder.

"It's alright, Less. That was your first shot. No one ever gets a bullseye on their first lesson. It takes years of practice."

"Right." I said. I pulled out another arrow and picked up and loaded my bow. I pulled the strung far back, and gripped the bow until my knuckles turned white.

"Wait, you're holding it too tight." Zephyr got into position next to me, so close he was practically on me. He loosened my hand's grip, and held both my hand's into the correct formation. His mouth parked right next to my ear as he whispered. "Now take a deep breath." I did. "And focus on the point. Just like I told you." I did.

"Now let it go."

I did.

And the bow stayed in my hand, and the strung whizzed by my face, right by my cheek, leaving it untouched. The arrow shot in a straight line, right into the very center of the wooden shield. Sticking there, and staying.

I gave an incredulous little laugh, and turned to look at Zephyr. His eyes were wide and he had an actual smile on his face.

"Beginner's luck, right?" I said, my smile reflected into my voice.

"No, no. Luck is for losers. You're a natural." he said, smiling proudly upon me. "Try it again, without my help."

I got back into formation, and I took a deep breath, focusing on the arrow in the middle of the shield, and let the arrow fly.

It landed in the very center of the shield, competing with my first arrow.

Now it was Zephyr's turn to give an incredulous laugh.

"That was... amazing." he said, looking at me with an amazed look in his eyes. "How did you do that?"

"Uh, thanks, and I have no idea." I said, because I really had no idea.

"You're welcome." his smile grew a teeny bit. "Maybe you could teach me a little."

We laughed, and we were so caught up in the lesson that we didn't pay too much attention to the rain falling until it started to pour, unaware that it had first started raining when Zephyr had stood behind me and helped me shoot the second arrow.

As the rain beat down harder, Zephyr herded me under the little cave where he had first threatened to kill me. He sat down cross-legged on the dry ground beneath the rocks, out of the pouring rain's reach. He pulled me down by the hand next to him. Then he had me lay down to rest, so I set my head down on his lap and relaxed.

"Less?" Zephyr asked softly.

"Yes?" I answered.

"Can you sing for me? Please?" he asked, and by the tone in his voice, I could tell he was shy to ask, and a little embarrassed by doing so. I smiled a little.

"Sure."

I began to sing the song my dad taught me, the one I had sung to Zephyr while I wrapped his wounds. But this time, the lyrics changed, still following the song I knew, on my tongue.

"Don't you dare look out your window,

Darling, everything's on fire

The war outside our door keeps raging on.

Hold onto this lullaby,

Even when the music's gone.

Gone

Just close your eyes,

The sun is going down.

You'll be alright,

No one can hurt you now.

Come morning light,

You and I'll be safe and sound.**[2]**"

I fell asleep with my head in his lap, his hand gently stroking my hair.

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Done! Not the longest chapter, but not the shortest, either.

I saw The Hunger Games yesterday, it was great! They kinda strayed for the book, though. Anyways, you should see it, I really liked it!

[1] Inspired by Dean's speech to dead Sam from the Season 2 finale of **_Supernatural**_**. **

[2] Song is once again 'Safe and Sound' by Taylor Swift from THE Hunger Games Soundtrack. Haha.

PLEASE REVIEW! THANKS FOR READING!

9. The Real Truth

Spring Break is over... I fail.

Disclaimer: Come on!

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Chapter Nine

The Real Truth

By the time I woke up, it was dark again, this time dark with twilight, and Zephyr was nowhere to be seen.

I called for him a few times, but, getting no responses beside the evening birds chirping.

So I decide to head home, hoping that Zephyr is alright.

By the time I reached home, I realised how little sleep I've gotten in the past, how long has it been, three days?

Three days...

Hmm, three days.

There was something in the back of my mind that was bugging me. Something about the number three, maybe. Or maybe the days. I don't know. Hmm. Maybe it was someone's birthday. No, maybe it was wedding day. No, definitely not. Oh, well. I'd ask about it later. Which reminds me, I never asked my dad if trolls eat Vikings, I'd have to ask about that, too.

When I stepped through the door, for the first time in days-three days, to be exact-my parents were nowhere in sight. I smiled to

myself as I ran up the stairs. When I reached the last quarter of the stairs, my stomach gurgled so loud I jumped, slipping on the top step, and colliding with the floor.

After I had decided there was no damage to my body other than my shin, which would most definitely have a bruise in the morning, I went back downstairs to get something to eat.

I looked through my brother's food stash, and found rotting half-eaten steaks. I thought about throwing it all away, but then Blunder would know that I knew where his stash was. So, I found a raw salmon that was untouched by both Blunder and the mold.

I set a small fire in the fireplace and cooked the fish there. The smell of the fish cooking teased my nose and made my stomach hurt even more. I knew the smell of the fish would eventually travel up through the fireplace and into the air outside. I was expecting Glimmer to start pounding on the roof until I came out and shared with her, so I had been so focused on the ceiling that I hadn't realised the fish was burning. When I did notice it, it was heavily burned on the left side. But I just peeled off the scales and skin to find it crispy but not too burnt on the inside.

After I finished the fish and put out the flames, there was still no sign of life. No noises from the village, no roars from the dragons, no shouting or laughing from my fellow teens, and no obnoxious hammering from a certain Skrill on the roof.

That's... weird.

Slightly concerned, I exited the house and looked to the houses nearby, whose windows were dark. It was far too early to be in bed, so the absence of light in the village was more than odd. I broke into a jog as I went through the town, searching for any sign of a Viking or dragon in the darkness.

No smoke from the chimneys, no chatter from the houses, no chirping from the lawns, and still no lights from the houses.

As I traveled farther, I thought about the only times when something like this might be happening. The only thing I could think of was if it was a holiday, which, at this time of year, was not very likely, someone was getting married, like I thought before, someone had died, or there was major security issues. By 'major security issues' I mean things like hostile invaders, word of raids, or hostile ships spotted nearby.

I broke into a run.

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I pushed open the heavy doors of the Great Hall, weak from running and trying to slow my breathing and the pounding of my heart.

There was, as I suspected, a huge crowd inside. All the Vikings and dragons on the island crammed inside the hall. All except me.

If I was already wheezing and coughing from lack of air before I entered the hall, you can imagine that the little air that was already in my lungs was crushed back out trying to find my way

through the crowd.

As I moved past the many Vikings, they all turned to see who was trying to get past them, and about half that I passed widened their eyes and some even tried to grab me as I slipped past them. The reason for this, I had no idea. Or at least until I pushed my way through the remains of the crowd and reached the center of the Great Hall. When I got there, a good 3/4 of my confusion had been manipulated into terrible fear.

He was standing there, held back by my uncles, and immediately yesterday morning's events came rushing back to me. The crazy man, who had to have been an Outcast. My father, who had been trying to keep everyone calm, and who briefly took his anger out on me. The terrible fate of the man who wasn't as crazy as he had looked. And now, here he was, awaiting the same possible fate as the man from his village.

"Zephyr!" I screeched, all the Vikings and dragons in the Hall who weren't already looking at me were now, and all were deadly silent. But I didn't care, because my eyes were glued to the boy struggling to get free from the men who were holding him captive in their arms.

"Less!" he screeched back, as scared as I was, and struggling even harder to get to me. I'm sure being in my arms, instead of being trapped in my uncle's, was the only place where he would feel safe and sound right now. I started to run to him, because I wasn't the one being held back.

Until, that is, that my brother grabbed my arm and yanked me back, holding me still.

"No! Let me go! Zephyr!" I struggled and tried to yank my arm back, but Blunder was strong, and held me fast.

"You know him?" he asked, incredulous.

"Yes! Now let go!" I hollared at him as a mumur swept through the crowd, speaking about what they had just heard to one another, and passing the word to others who weren't near enough to hear.

"STOP!" the crowd went silent.

My father appeared at the edge of the crowd, looking furious, my mother at his heels.

"That's ENOUGH!" he continued with uncharacteristic volume.

"Uh-oh." Blunder whispered, echoing my thoughts. I often found him doing that. I'd be thinking something and he would say it. I guess it's just a twin thing.

"We found him out by the dock. He had a knife and said he was looking for you, Hiccup." said Uncle Snotlout from across the room.

"Did you get rid of his weapon?" Dad asked. Snotlout nodded.

"We just didn't pat him down; he was struggling too much." Uncle Tuffnut said.

"Where did he come from?" Dad asked again, stepping closer all the while.

"We think he came from the Outcast islands, he refuses to answer any questions." Uncle Snotlout countered.

"Why is he here? Did you at least get that out of him?" Dad questioned.

"No." Uncle Tuffnut answered.

"What should we do with him?" asked Uncle Snotlout.

"Don't talk about me like I'm not here!" Zephyr yelled, about as furious as my father looked just moments ago.

Dad softened a little. He took a deep breath through his nose. He let it out, and when he did, he was much, much calmer.

"Let him go, guys." he said.

My uncles looked confused, but they released Zephyr's arms as he tugged, and he flew forward, nearly falling on his face as he stumbled toward my father. Dad stood his ground, standing still as can be as Zephyr straightened up and faced him. They were less than an arm's length away now. Dad looked Zephyr up and down, as Zephyr did the same.

"Who are you?" Dad eased, but the suspicion still hung in his voice.

"Who are you?" Zephyr snapped back. I felt a pang of fear shoot through me. I sent a silent prayer to the Gods to keep him from doing anything stupid, to keep them both out of harm's way.

Dad smirked a teeny bit. I almost sighed in relief.

"Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third." he said, no emotion in his voice.

I could see Zephyr gulp. "Zephyr." he said.

My father nodded. "I thought so. It was hard not to notice, the way my daughter was calling to you, like you were her best friend and all."

Zephyr's eyes widened, and he darted his eyes to me, his brows furrowed in a confused and slightly hurt fashion. I could see in his eyes what he wanted to tell me. _"He's your father? How could you not tell me?"_ That was the nicer half of what his ghastly blue eyes were telling me. The other half, the side that I don't know or trust yet, and I'm not sure I want to, was saying;_ "How could you lie to me like that? You could've been used as bait against him long ago, and I would never have had to play those mind games with you. I hate getting my hands dirty with the naiivete of little Viking girls."_

That last perception of his thought process made me angry, and I held my ground, as well. Now that he has found out the truth, he should

know that I am truly my father's daughter. Zealous, sarcastic, smart, strong, brave, and I care about the people I love, and who need me. But right now, they kind of both needed me.

"What are you doing on our island?" Dad asked him.

Zephyr slowly tore his eyes away from me, dragging them across the ground as he moved them back to meet my father's own eyes.

"I have business to take care of." Zephyr responded, bouncing back as best he could from the knowledge he had just acquired.

"What business?"

Zephyr swallowed once again. I swear I saw his bottom lip quiver for the smallest of moments.

"You can tell me. I am the one you were looking for, after all. Why don't you tell me why?" Dad was nearly his old self now. He was gentle and kind with Zephyr, like he was with just about everyone who needed it.

Zephyr took a shaky breath. "My dad was a legend." he spoke quietly, probably to keep the surrounding Vikings and dragons out of his business, but from what I had learned about him, he could talk much quieter than that. Then I realised that he was talking loud enough so I could hear him out, too.

"He was the Chief of our tribe." at those words, Dad got a strange look on his face, as if he had misheard him.

"Chief of the Outcast tribe?" Dad asked, voice oddly calm.

"Yes." Zephyr confirmed, with a bit of mock in his voice, as if Dad should've already known that. "His name," he paused adding to the drama and suspense of it all, "was Alvin." Dad's eyes went a little wide, and his breathing became a tad shallow. "Alvin the Treacherous."

Dad stared at him for a moment, mouth agape, as the Vikings and dragons around us went wild again with their whispering. Something about that name stung us all. I had heard that name somewhere before, it was at the back of my mind. Struggling to resurface. I think my mother had told me that name once before, maybe in a story or something. I'm not sure. Dad held up his hand for silence.

Dad did the strangest thing next. He smirked. "I knew those eyes were so familiar. You look so much like your father."

Zephyr swallowed again. "Y-you knew him?"

"Oh, yeah." Dad said, exasperated. "We go waaay back. You can continue with your story now."

"I haven't seen him for such a long time. But about a little less than a month or so ago, I recieved word that my father had a task for me. If I were to be initiated into the tribe, I would have to complete it within three days of my arrival. I was to be sent here on a single boat without any supplies, and if I didn't complete the task in time," Zephyr spoke louder now, for all to hear. "then my tribe

would come to the island, and complete the task themselves. Along with taking this entire island by battle."

That caused the Vikings and dragons to go wild once again with their babbling.

"ENOUGH!" Dad screamed. The crowd went silent. He turned back to Zephyr. "How many days do you have left?"

"Yesterday was the last day. They will get here no later than dawn. If they find me, and the task isn't completed, they will take me back with them, and not only will I not be a part of the tribe, but they'll torture me until death takes me herself." Zephyr finished the story with a newfound pride and strength. The crowd once again whispered. Dad once again held up his hand.

"Zephyr," he began soothingly. "When was the last time you saw your father?"

"Since before I was three, at the latest." Zephyr answered.

Dad took in a deep breath through his nose again. His expression was full of remorse.

"You poor boy." Dad began again, gently. "I truly hate to tell you this Zephyr, but your father," he paused, not knowing how to say the next words, "he, well, he was an extraordinary fighter. I can see you inherited that from him, but..."

As Dad trailed off, Zephyr became restless and desperate.

"What?"

"He, uh, well, he was my arch-enemy. He lost both a leg and an arm because of me," Zephyr's mouth opened, shocked at the least. "I'm not saying I got rid of them myself, but because he lost something to me, he swore he would get revenge, ever since I was eleven. Just a boy, like yourself. Every single time I thought it was over, he just kept coming after me."

Zephyr was breathing hard now, and I swear I saw the tiniest of tears coming to his eyes. "He was a monster. A revenge-driven monster." he said, his voice breaking. "The man I've looked up to my entire life is a monster."

"No, Zephyr. That's just how people are. When they feel threatened, they revolt, they always want to take back what's theirs. Or what they believe is theirs. But I had to keep your father away from my village, and my family. So I had no choice but to--"

"No." Zephyr really was crying now, shaking his head and breathing fast.

"I'm so sorry, Zephyr. He died a hero to you and your tribe." Dad said, sadness clouding up his voice.

"No, no, no, no." Zephyr repeated. The Vikings and dragons surrounding us all lowered their heads slightly. That was like their regards to the poor, clueless boy who had just realised his father

was a 'revenge-driven monster', and who died without even caring to know his own son.

Zephyr tried to stop his sobs as he reached behind his back, which went unnoticed by everyone except me. He took a few deep breaths.

"Then he never even got his revenge," he paused, sniffing once and wiping his nose on his borrowed sleeve.

"Is that my tunic he just wiped his face on?" Blunder whispered. I tried not to smile at his newfound discovery.

"Maybe that's my real task. Avenge his death. To take back what should be his." Zephyr pulled something out from beneath the folds of the tunic. "I won't disappoint him again."

I caught the silvery glint of metal, it burnt into my eyes, so when I blinked, it blazed purple beneath my eyelids. I knew immediately what he was doing, although I could never explain it. A warning had just reached my lips, but it was too late.

"I'm sorry." Zephyr said, voice breaking again.

My father's eyebrows furrowed slightly in confusion as Zephyr yanked his fist back gracefully, armed with a short dagger.

Zephyr had a vicious light in his eyes as he thrust the knife forward, straight into my father's gut as the entire village, Vikings and dragons alike, went wild once again.

10. Rage Rising

****I was trying to complete two chapters at the same time, but, as usual, I fail!****

****Disclaimer: Why am I still even doing these?****

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Chapter Ten

Truth Rising

Screams, shouts, and roars filled the room.

All at once, the entire Hall burst into chaos. My mother's cry, Blunder's shocked gasp as he released me, Toothless's outraged roar, and all the Vikings and dragons on the island exploding with the unbelievably loud shock and anger of what had just happened.

But I could hear none of it. All I had seen so clearly had become a nameless hall full of slow-motion echos and blurrs in a split second. And all that fear and anger I had just felt moments ago had burst into an unbearable crushing sensation in my chest.

I could understand nothing, believe nothing, change nothing.

I could not focus nor see.

I trembled where I stood, too frozen and electricuted by the shock of the events playing over and over and over again in my mind's eye.

My best friend had killed my father.

I had killed my own father.

I should never had helped that boy. Ever. What had I done?

My eyes wandered around the hall, taking in the blurs as every single one of them frantically raced around the hall, some rushed for the exit, others rushed for each other, all in slow-motion.

My eyes caught on to a still shape in the center of it all. The only thing not daring to move. My eyes focused, and immediately I saw the jet-black hair, and even through all the commotion and dim torch-lighting, I could see the burning blue of his eyes.

Everything around us slowly took focus as I stared at him, his eyes slowly met mine, and we stared at each other. Green vs. Blue. Love vs. Hate. Light vs. Darkness. Guilt vs. Vengeance. Loyalty vs. Betrayal.

My stare turned into a sharp glare as my breathing deepened in fury.

He saw it. I know he saw it.

He turned his back to me and made his way toward the door, taking long strides.

Fueled with rage, I ran after him, doing my best to navigate my way through the berserk crowd.

He soon reached the door, and exited without looking back. I was in his pursuit, nearly running as the brisk night air pinched my skin.

He was walking incredibly fast, and my vision was still incredibly blurred, so he was pretty much all I could see. I tripped and stumbled over nameless things around me, trying to reach him. My foot caught on an empty cart, and I fell face-first into the road, but I didn't realise it until I slammed onto the ground.

I took a deep breath and rubbed my eyes. I swallowed hard. My vision finally somewhat returned in the dark of the night. I pushed myself off the dirt and rock of the old road beneath me with a new-found determination. I took off running, with that spark from Glimmer's lightning hot in my blood. The fire that usually remained dormant in my heart pumped through my viens, unlike any adrenaline I had ever had before I acquried Glimmer. No, it was not adrenaline. It was pure bravery.

He had just reached the beach before I caught up to him. The sun, surprisingly, had just barely started to rise, so I could just make out a hint of light blue over the horizon.

"ZEPHYR!" I screamed as loud as I could, "I trusted you!"

He stopped, his back still facing me. I slowed. Then, as I got close enough to him, he swiveled around on his heel and back-handed me across the face with all his force. I was knocked to the ground instantly. The speed I was going added to the force I hit the ground at and I rolled a foot or two. I came to a stop on my back, and I propped my self up on my elbow, and my opposite hand went to my cheek. The stinging made my eyes water. I looked up at Zephyr, shocked. He was panting heavily, with a pained look on his face.

"Stay away, Less." he said between pants. "I don't want to hurt you."

I felt my face screw up in confusion.

"You don't want to hurt me? You just smacked across the face!" I said, standing. "You killed my father." I said, in a much more hallow tone. He should've known that this was unforgivable, if he didn't already.

He stood there, looking defeated, then advanced and punched me in the cheek. I grunted and hit the ground. The pain brought my eyes to water once again, but I refused to let him get away with his crime. I pushed myself off the ground again, and he extended his fist to my face. Over and over, he would hit me, in the stomach or face or head, it didn't seem to matter much, and I would fall, then get right back up again and take another hit. After about the twelfth hit to my face, I fell, and I knew I couldn't get up again too much longer.

But I stood anyway, knees wobbly, legs shaking, breaths shallow, everywhere, aching.

Zephyr was breathing heavily again. After throwing relentless hit after hit, his knuckles were coated in a thin layer of blood. Strangly enough, I was a bit surprised to find it was mine. But it was true, there was a thick gash in the middle of my forehead, and I could feel the blood seeping down onto my brow. He must've been hitting a lot harder than I thought, I didn't really feel the gash open in the first place. My left cheek was split open, too. That one, I had felt.

"Less, why are you doing this?" he asked, with pain and confusion leaking into his voice.

I tried to steady my breath before I said, "Because. I trusted you. You betrayed me. Your father really was a revenge-driven monster. I guess that just runs in the family."

Zephyr's features turned angry and stiff, "Don't talk about my father like that!" he threatened.

"Or what? You'll kill me? Hit me some more?" I asked, now the defeat and pain welled up in my voice, and it began to break every now and again. "Go ahead. I'm done. I won't fight. The only thing inside me that said something was worth fighting for died when you stabbed my father in the heart. All for revenge. You were just running on blind faith, you never questioned him, never disobeyed him, never gave him any reason to abandon you. But he did anyway. And you still love him and believe in him and he's your hero and you'd do anything for him

without even blinking an eye. But he's gone now. And he won't ever come back. But you've fulfilled your father's legacy. You got your revenge. At least now you have something. Because once you've brought that kind of misery and terror and pain to people, you lose everything."

Zephyr stood there, and it was still so dark I couldn't see the look in his eyes. I could just see the blue outline of his irises.

"Just tell me why." I whispered, trying as hard as I could not to let the tears flow down my cheeks and into my wounds and drip to the ground below me. "Why you would want to kill someone for the father who never cared enough to give you so much as a 'Hey, son, how ya doing? I'm alive! I'm well!'"

I could see Zephyr's jaw set. "Why should I?"

"Because I saved your life. You owe me that much."

Zephyr's lower lip began to break, and a sliver of gold could be seen over the sea. The light allowed me to view the glass in Zephyr's placid-like eyes.

"Because ever since the last time I ever saw him, I dreamed of the day he would come back home. And I promised myself that when he did come back, I would've done something to make him proud. I trained, studied, worked so hard to become what he wanted me to be. Then your father told me he'd been dead since before I could walk and..." he trailed off, turning his head away and biting his lip. "I felt a horrible crushing in my chest, and all I could feel was pain and anger. Like it was my fault. Then, I just had this uncontrollable urge to avenge my hero. To avenge my father."

He broke off with a whimper, and I realised just how similar we were. I actually understood what he was feeling when he killed my father. It was the anger and the pain that took hold of him. But that did not mean he deserved to be forgiven.

"It's still murder. It's still unforgivable." I said, in a brave, strong, steady tone of voice.

"I know. And I never asked for your forgiveness." He turned back to me, the anger obvious in his rising voice.

I narrowed my eyes into a glare. "Then come at me." I dared him.

I held my ground as he pulled out the knife he had threatened me with when we first met. The same knife, I realised, that he had killed my dad with. Lovely irony, I suppose.

He advanced on me a bit slower than he did before, taking tromping, large, long strides to reach me. Then he swung out his fist and knocked me to the ground again. My legs shook even harder as I pushed myself to my feet again. He hit me. I fell. Repeat. Once again, he hit me, and I fell. I strained, but I couldn't get up any longer. Giving up, I lay down on the beach, the sand hard and cold, its temperature seeping through my clothes and chilling my skin. Tired and fading away, my vision about to be overcome by the black dots swimming in my sight.

Zephyr pinned down my legs with his knees and held my arms down at my sides, although it was a waste of energy. I wasn't going anywhere. I could barely breathe anyway. If he didn't kill me now, my body would do it for him.

I blinked a few times, trying to see. I saw the glint of the knife against the dawn. I felt the cold sting of the metal against my neck. Like the first time I had saw him. The black dots swarmed over me, and I tried once again to blink them away. No use. I closed my eyes and awaited my death. The next time I opened them, I would see my father, my grandmother, all the others I have loved and let down. I welcomed the opportunity, no matter how much it may hurt. If I stayed, I surely faced a much worse fate.

I'm sorry, Mom. I whispered in my mind, _I love you, Glimmer. You're the best brother ever, Blunder. Goodbye, Grandpa. You're a great teacher, Gobber. You were always there for us, Toothless. I'll finally get to hear your voice, Grandma. I'm coming home, Dad._

Tears overflowed my eyes, pushing through my closed eyelids, awkwardly crawling across the skin of my cheeks and temples, since I was laying on my back. It was taking forever. If Zephyr didn't end me now, I would be taken by nature, and where's the fun in that?

The blade pressed harder against my throat, and I held my breath for the inevitable. I could feel Zephyr's hot breath against my face, and feel his closeness as he leaned over and listen and watch closely as I died.

I felt a pressure on my lips, and my eyes snapped open, no matter how impossible it seemed moments ago.

Zephyr had _kissed_ me.

My first kiss had been to the boy who betrayed me. The boy who killed my father.

Before I could react, he pushed off the ground, releasing me from underneath him. He turned and ran off before I could even move.

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YAY! IT'S DONE!

Sorry it's so short, and it's been so long, I've been BUSY! But it's the last week of actual school, next week we just have a walking field trip to Mitchell Canyon outside our school, Tuesday we have 8th grade continuation, and Wednesday we have yearbook signing for the half day. YAAAAAYYYYYY!

I'll just bore you with my schedule now;). Tomorrow, for 3rd period advanced Chinese, we have a food day and watch **_The Sorcerer's Apprentice**_**, then Health class, in which we watch a pregnancy video, complete with a birth scene, and then lunch, then Social Studies, in which we have a Civil War food day, where we bring in food from the Civil War, and watch **_**National Treasure 2**_**. So basically, 2 Nicolas Cage movies, and a lot of eating and puking (from the health video). Hurray...**

Oh, and just to people who care about dresses, I'm going to Rue21 and Claire's on Sunday to pick out my Continuation dress. I'm hoping for an innocent, beautiful white sundress, with black cork heel shoes, either that or flats (white or gray), and a black, white or gray choker necklace, or just my blue and silver pendant necklace. Tell me what you think!

Please let me know what you think please! FOUR PLANNED CHAPTERS LEFT! Love!:)

11. To See It In Stone

**So, the other day, I saw a post on my friend's Facebook that said,
**

**-"so apparently someone from 7th grade fell off a cliff behind mesa idk witch one but one of them... soooo scary! we will probably know more by tomorrow". **

-"Here's what I said, "I agree with Ben. Thers no way that actually happnd. Ther was probably some 7th graders screwing around back there, and pretended to fall of a ledge, and their friends freaked and called the cops."

**Turns out it actually happened. **

-"no its actually happened mrs larsen noticed they were gone and went to go look for them and they fell down one of the mini cliffs and broke there leg"

-" I was in that class! Lol we were taking pictures and he went way far back n the classroom and when we got back he wasn't there and mrs Larson went looking for him and he fell off a cliff and broke his leg. It was on 7-1"

What are your thoughts on this? Tell me in the reviews please!

Oh, yeah, disclaimer: I've got pretty much no reason to write these disclaimers...

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Chapter Eleven

To See It In Stone

"_Just close your eyes_

The sun is going down

You'll be alright

No one can hurt you now

Come morning light

_You and I'll be _

Safe and sound"

I heard the chorus of my favorite song in the distance, played with an assortment of unnameable instruments, just enough to make it sound almost as beautiful as the voice singing it in the distance.

I opened my eyes to the warm sunlight, which was nearly gold over the blueish green hilltops overhead. I welcomed the sunlight and sighed in the aroma of summer grass and flowers. I heard the lovely lullaby of water rushing gently through a creek. I pulled myself up from the soft ground I had been lying on. My eyelids were incredibly droopy, and my muscles ached with a dull soreness, as if I had run for miles before I fell asleep. Every inch of my being screamed for release by sleep. I wanted to so bad, but the singing continued, and I had to know where it was coming from.

I stood, wincing from the pain encircling my body. I listened for the voice again, and once I got the general direction from which it seemed to be coming from, I began walking towards the mysterious voice. The same verse of the song kept playing over and over by whomever was singing.

Every step I took, I felt the pain melt away. Seriously. And the words, song, and voice became clearer, the more steps I took, the more the voice sounded like mine.

There was a magnificent plot of trees, forming a perfect pathway to the voice. The path was wide, but not too wide, and it twisted and turned impossibly, but the trees stayed in perfect alignment. There was one final turn, and I wound up directly in front of a beautiful wrought-iron fence, old and gorgeous, with twisted patterns like the roots of an overturned juniper tree. The creek I had heard before ran through the wrought-iron fence beside the lovely gates, and, sitting alongside the creek, washing clothes, big and small, was a woman. She had long, auburn hair cascading down her back and shoulders freely, the style in which I loved and always wore, making me the only female with untied hair on the entire isle.

She stopped singing and washing the clothes and turned in my direction. She looked upon me with a happy expression on her face.

"Less!" she cried enthusiastically.

"G-grandma?" I asked shakily.

She walked until she was directly in front of me. Then she placed her hands on my shoulders, and gave a deep, happy sigh.

"Don't assume this means I'm not happy to see you, because I am overjoyed; but you're early." she said, with a bit of sad confusion.

"Early for what?" I asked, afraid of the answer.

She smiled sadly, but even her sad smile was rigged with the kind of adoration only a mother (or grandmother) would possess.

"Oh, sweetheart," she said softly. The longer she avoided my

question, the more petrified I became.

"What?" I said, nearly irritably, "Tell me, I have to know!"

She sighed again, the same sigh from before, but this time, it was sad.

"Once I told your father that I wouldn't always be there for him, but I would always be happy, and always be watching over and protecting him. He was very young, but after all these years, he still believed and remembered me and everything I ever said to him. It took a while, but eventually, he got over my death and moved on. It took me longer, however, to let go of my old life and family," she paused, gazing upon me with her sad and sympathetic motherly eyes. "But, eventually, I did, and now, it's your turn."

I stared at her in disbelief and confusion.

"A-are you saying that, I-I'm...dead?"

She smiled sadly once again. I hadn't noticed how late it had gotten until I saw the orange and pink swirl bleeding through the atmosphere beyond my grandmother's auburn mop of hair, which both me and my father inherited. It would be dark soon, and I had a feeling the sun set waaaayyy early wherever I was at the moment.

"Not neccessarily. That's the good news," she said.

"There's bad news?"

She nodded.

"Well, then, if this is the good news, then I really don't wanna hear the bad news." I said snarkily. She smiled even more.

"You've inherited your father's sarcasm," she said knowingly. At that comment, I glanced over her shoulder to add to the effect.

"You don't say," I said, still looking at the side of the fence.

"He got that from me, you know," this made me snap my attention back to her in surprise.

"Really?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, nodding again. "It always gets us into trouble."

I chuckled a little, "You don't know how much trouble, sister."

She laughed at that comment, to my surprise. But then, I had to turn serious.

"Wait, what do you mean I'm not neccessarily dead?" I asked, my already faded hope about to be ablated.

The sunset's gentle colors had exploded into an elaborate canvas of blood reds, oranges and yellows as bright as the sun itself, hot pinks so bright they were just south of hurting my eyes. The sun would be down in a matter of minutes.

"Well," she started, uneasily. "You know what happened. You could feel death coming for you. It came, all right. And this may not sound like it's to your liking, but you'll die. But all your pain goes away, you can be happy again. You can watch over and protect your family."

I was surprised. No, not surprised. Shocked, really. How did it feel to be dead? Well, to be honest, it still hurt a bit. But once I got closer to that gate, the less pain I felt. I was still very tired, and I desperately wanted to rest. I had a strange feeling that once I got past those gates, I could rest all I wanted. The problem was, I had another feeling that once I got inside those gates, I would never come out.

"What if I stay?" I asked quietly.

She sucked in a breath through her nose. That wasn't a good sign.

"Well, you've been told stories about the angry spirits that roam through the Barbaric Archipelago, right?" she said, trying to explain herself, although it just made me more confused.

At the mere mention of those tales told to us as children just to scare us, I shuddered. I had always closed my eyes, covered my ears and shook my head whenever they possessed someone. In the stories, the victim's eyes had always turned the color of the ghost's eyes before they died, when they were still human. Only they had taken on a dead, terrifying twist, so that when you looked into their eyes, you could feel their coldness rushing through your body. Yes, I had heard the stories. I knew about the spirits.

"Of course," was all I could muster out.

"Well, they all feel the same. They can't leave, they're at the turn of their life. They want to stay. They want to keep fighting. No one can make them lay down to rest, but they won't get back into their own bodies. They can't. That's just facts. Usually, they possess only people who are in extreme despair, pain, torment, deep down inside. So deep inside, that, in fact, they don't even realise it. Once they do possess someone, they use their body to pass on a message. And once they do, it's still not a sure thing to pass on. Just imagine how terrifying if I came back in your friend, Zephyr's body and told you that I loved you, and would always watch over you?" I opened my mouth, but she knew exactly what I was going to say, "Yes, I know about him. Did you not listen when I said I watch over you?"

I noticed the sarcastic resemblance then.

"Anyway," she continued, "Yes, you can stay. You'll stay on Berk for years. Disembodied. Scared. And over the decades, it'll probably drive you mad. You may even get violent."

Confusion clouded me even more now. "How can that be?"

"Oh, sweetheart," she said, sadness mixed with that grandmotherly fondness and age-old pain in her smile and eyes. "How do you think angry spirits are born?"

Now, it all clicked. I was an inch away from death, almost literally. I had a choice; either lay down and die, or become something I have feared ever since I knew what fear was.

"There has to be another way," I said, desperate.

She hesitated. "Well, there is one way. But it isn't easy, it's how your father made it out,"

"Tell me," I ordered. My mother had told me and Blunder how my father had died, then came back to life. Supposedly more than once, but I was pressed for time, and I had been told the stories before.

"You remember," she said.

"That's it?" I asked, perplexed.

"Yes. You remember all you stand for," she said, with a proud fondness that screamed out that she truly believed in me. "You remember all things good. Remember every little happy detail in your life and what you love and who you love and what you would be leaving behind. Love is the strongest emotion known to man, and if you truly believe in it, nothing can stop you. But there is a 99% chance that you won't make it back to your body."

Having nothing left to lose, I chose to comply. "Well, then, let's make me and my father that 1%,"

She smiled at me, and I closed my eyes.

I thought about my mother's voice, her bravery, her strength, about how much she loved us. I thought about Glimmer, my goofy Skrill, her friendly, excited squak when she saw me coming out of my house in the mornings, how much courage she had given me in the past. I thought about Blunder, his horrible jokes, his comical-sounding voice, his laugh that you just can't help but smile at and love. My Grandpa, how he was so powerful, but yet had such a soft spot for us, no matter how hard he tried to hide it. Gobber, who was such a fun, sarcastic teacher, always with the most unique, and greatest judgement for how someone should train both a dragon, and themselves. Frey, my best friend, who was so sweet and kind and lovely and beautiful, you just love her every time you see her. Tremor, my favorite cousin, who was funny, nice and overall a great person. Gorge, who always chuckled at my stupid jokes, who was so gruff on the outside but so sweet it almost seemed fantastical on the inside. Even Lithella, who was nice to her clique, but if someone got injured, she'd be the first to jump into action. Good 'ol Toothless, who had more character and heart than all of us put together, who was such a great guardian, to our entire family, and all inhabitants of Berk, plus nearly the whole world if he were put to it.

Then there was my dad. He held nearly all of those characteristics plus more, and was such an amazing father, because he tried so hard. He was such a great leader, even better than he let himself believe. He was patient, kind-hearted, sarcastic, understanding, and willing to actually listen to people, to try to reason and talk to them, instead of killing on sight. No, he was not like the rest of us. He was better.

Zephyr. Even he had some good in him. His understanding, caring,

protective self. His father had not seen the real him, no one really had. Only me. It was really too bad that no one understood him like I did, because if they did, they would have seen a force to be reckoned with. So tough and seemingly heartless on the outside, when really, he was a gentle, amazing being. The way he could handle a terrible situation in such a flash seemed surreal. He was extraordinary. Everything about him. How he was so much stronger than he looked, how his ghastly blue eyes were unlike anything I had ever seen, they were so ghastly _beautiful_. His voice was so strong, yet so boyish and innocent. He was an average height, taller than me, as usual, but by about a half inch to one inch. He was amazing. I really, really liked him. I realised, at that very moment, seconds away from death, that I loved him. Really, truly _loved_ him.

I thought very hard about all he had done for me in the past few days. Three days. He spared me after I had saved his life, he had understood deeply about what I had gone through with my father, befriending me, against all odds, teaching me how to shoot a bow and arrow like a pro, caring about me when no one else did, 'protecting' me from the rain, even asking to hear my voice create a song in the rain with my head on his lap was evidence. He loved me, too. It was especially obvious when he didn't kill me for the second time, but instead _kissed_ me. He _loved_ me, too. _He loved me, too!_

Before I could cry with joy, my grandmother kissed my forehead, and I opened my eyes. It was twilight, and it was fairly dark, but I could still see the surrounding world, coated in a blanket of lovely blue shadow.

"I'll always be watching you, Less. I love you. Zephyr does, too. He'll protect you in ways that I can't. Remember, Less; I'll be with you, always," she placed something over my head and fastened it at the back of my neck. My hand moved to grasp a gorgeous, shimmering blue necklace, something I had noticed my grandmother wearing moments before.

Before I could say goodbye, she turned her back to me, and walked into a mist rising around to her knees that wasn't there a moment ago. Even as she left, and I felt that strange, inward-twisting sensation of vertigo, I could hear her-my own-voice, echoing the lyrics of my favorite song into the blue of the night.

"_Just close your eyes_"

You'll be alright

Come morning light,

You and I'll be safe and sound..."

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DONE! This discussion between grandmother and granddaughter is one that has a HUGE part to play in the upcoming chapters, so please tell me what you think!

Oh, and my friend said this morning to me that the boy that fell off the "cliff" didn't break his leg, he was just overreacting. Apparently, this terrible "cliff" was about three feet from the ground. FAAAAIIIIILLLLL.

****LOVE!****

****~LadyTayTay****

12. Author's Note: I Need Help! Please Read!

****Problem!****

****Personally, I hate it when the authors of fanfiction stories use an apology chapter, or an explanation chapter and don't write their stories forever, so I'm REALLY, VERY, VERY SORRY!****

****I've got a writer's block on this story, and summer break starts today, so I have basically nothing to do but work on the story which I'm stuck on!****

****I have this one little question for you, dear reader(s), and if I get a good answer, I will do my very best to complete this story without delay.****

****This is your question:****

****Do you think Less should remember her little chat with her Grandma, or not?****

****Please answer in the reviews, the majority wins! Oh, and if possible, could you leave a little explanation to your thinking please? Thanks so much!****

****Oh, I didn't get to thank my previous reviewers in my past chapters, so THANK YOU ALL SO MUCH FOR YOUR FEEDBACK! I LOVE YOU FOREVER!:)****

****(Hopefully) I'll update soon! Love!****

****~TayTay!****

13. Echos In Chaos

****I have NO idea how to even begin this chapter. So I'm just gonna wing it and hope for the best.****

****Thank you so much for your help, ****AceLegend**** and ****Narwhal-Riding-Alien**** for your reviews and help! I appreciate it SO much!****

****)0~~~~~0(****

Chapter Twelve

Echos in Chaos

The morning sun scorched my closed eyes as I regained my consciousness. How long was I out? I suppose not for long, because I could still feel the coolness of the sand, if the sun was up for long, it would've heated the substance beneath me. The sand felt wet,

maybe the tide had risen or Zephyr had pushed me closer to the waves than I thought.

My eyes snapped open.

Zephyr.

Where was he?

I tried to push myself into a sitting position, but I could barely sit straight up, due to the searing pain all around me. I allowed myself a moment to assess the damage.

I could feel the cuts and bruises all over my face and body before I saw them. I observed my arms first, because I could see them easiest. There was a 7-inch gash cut diagonally across the back of my left forearm, starting an inch below my wrist. Bruises blossomed all over my arms, barely leaving an inch or so of untouched, pale skin before the next bruise would start. My face got the worst of it. I thought Zephyr might've knocked several of my last baby teeth loose. The cuts I noticed the night before had seemed to have stopped bleeding, leaving dried blood all over my cheeks and forehead. The crusty, smelly blood surrounding my wounds was so uncomfortable and itchy.

I shakily pushed myself to my feet, and staggered emptily to the water on the far end of the beach. Glancing at the ground below me, I realised that it had rained. The gloomy sunset hadn't progressed too much since I had been knocked out, so I couldn't have been out for too long. Although there was an odd pit in my stomach, as if I had forgotten something important.

When I reached the waves, lapping gently and peacefully against the damp sand, I collapsed to my knees, immediately regretting dropping so harshly and directly to my injured kneecaps.

I peered into the water's reflection of my damaged face. I immediately had to force back tears of pain and terror as the monster in the water stared back at me. The beast had an expression of agony painted onto its disfigured, ugly face.

A total of four gashes were spread across its grotesque-looking face. Dried blood draped down from the cuts so distinctively it seemed as if someone had drawn it all. Bruises littered what little skin hadn't been covered yet. A dark purple-blue bruise on its left eye stood out most, as it was the biggest. The creature's eyelids were almost completely shut, due to the excessive swelling the bruise had caused.

A pair of hands appeared in front of the thing and dipped into the reflection, distorting the image of the monstrosity. Returning to myself once the monster had disappeared from view, I cupped my hands beneath the surface of the water, then lifting my hands and splashing my face with the water.

As soon as I had wetted my face, a tiny cry had escaped my lips. Salt in a wound. That saying had always been dormant in the back of my mind, until now, that is. Despite the pain, I repeated the motions until my face was clean of blood and sand and tears. I again looked into my reflection in the water. The monster had returned, only her-I could tell whether it was a girl or boy, now-face was generally

clean. No more blood, sand or tears. But it didn't change the fact that what was staring back at me was a monster. Wallowing in pain and guilt and sadness, sentenced to eternal life, the worst punishment, in my own opinion. Why do I think that, might you ask?

Well, dear reader, it is because the pain you feel right now, whether it be pain, loneliness, neglect, sadness, anger, frustration, boredom, or fear, it only gets so much worse. Over time. Understand that you would be the only one with eternal life, so you would see all the people and things you love and care about slowly break and wither away to nothing, while you would be in the same state you are in now. Eventually, you may get over all that and find a new life, start a family, get a great job, but, after a while, that life would dissipate, as well. Your family would die while you watch and can do nothing about it, knowing your kids and grandkids will die, and you will still be alive. And the whole cycle may start all over again, until you just can't stand any more pain, and you try to shut yourself off from the world so you don't go through the whole thing again. You just live in pain, loneliness, neglect, sadness, anger, frustration, boredom, or fear, until Ragnorak comes. That's what you'd wait for, wouldn't it? But it could never come fast enough. Even when it does, what happens then? You can't die. What will happen to you? _What will happen to you?_

I stared at the tragedy before me until I can no longer stand it. I thrust my hand into the middle of the monster's face, delivering the fatal blow, killing it, and becoming a broken hero in my own mind. I then hang my head in silent defeat, my arm still submerged up to my elbow in the water, as the emptiness inside me becomes overwhelming, and I force back tears once more.

I was so wrapped up in the silence of my own dismay and self-loathing that I failed to notice the reflection that had materialized in the water my arm was still in, now that it had stilled.

"Less?" the voice sounded so boyish, so young, so innocent, that I would have believed the lies its owner spewed out all over again. But now I knew better.

I gasped and whirled around, still on my knees, and wheeled backward as if expecting to be struck again. As I crawled away from him backwards, I forgot about the water behind me. I tumbled into the water and kept my pathetic backwards sweep for escape, while Zephyr just stood there, hit eyebrows in a downwards crease, that I couldn't quite rule out as sympathy or frustration as I halted.

"Less, I-" he began, extending his hands, which looked like a threat, and I shrunk back more. He hesitated, lowering his hands. Then, I could tell his face's emotion; sorry. One word, although, at that point, it was worth a thousand. "Less, I-I'm so, so sorry," he tried again, "I just-what they'd do to me, if I came back and, I really never _ever_ wanted to hurt-and definately not _kill_-anyone, I especially never meant to hurt you,"

"Never meant to hurt me?" I found myself repeating what I remarked the night before. "You-"

"I know, I know," Zephyr had a look of remorse now, as he knelt down in front of me in the shallow water, reaching one hand to my shoulder, and another toward my cheek. He didn't reach far enough to

touch me though, just hesitated and hovered in mid-air. "what I meant was, that I didn't want to hurt you. I never did. Less, you are my best friend, I-I've never known anyone like you in my entire life! Less, I lo-"

An outstretched hand flew to his mouth, and my eyes snapped up and met his. He removed his hand from his mouth and it lazily slid down to his chin.

"Less, you mean so much to me. I don't want to loose you," the hand on his chin moved again, and he placed it on my right shoulder, as I flinched at his gentle touch, and he hesitated yet again as he placed his other hand on my cheek. "so, from the bottom of my heart, I am so, so sor-"

"Sorry," I finished for him, "I know. I am too,"

He stared upon me for a moment, his eyes speaking softly and silently to my own, his right hand stroking my cheek, his left, sweetly caressing my shoulder. Then, he gave the tiniest of smirks, and pulled me into a comforting hug, which I gratefully excepted. We sat there for a while, bost surrounded waist-and-knee-deep in a sweet silence and the ocean water.

"What are we going to do?" Zephyr asked after a bit, still hugging me. I thought for a moment. What were we going to do?

"Well, I can't stay here, and now, you certainly can't stay here," I started, "so, we'll run. I have Glimmer, and we can take you back to your village. After that, Glimmer and I'll keep flying until we find somewhere that we're wanted."

"Here," Zephyr said, pulling back and looking me in the eyes, "you're wanted here. You can stay with me, in my village, I won't let anyone hurt you" he placed his right hand at the back of my head and pulling my forehead forward to touch his.

"That's sweet, and no offence, but I've been afraid of Outcasts since before I even knew what an Outcast was. And I'm sure that there are plenty Outcasts who are good, but, I'd rather not take any chances,"

"Then what will we do? I'm not going anywhere without you,"

I sighed, thinking. "Just, give me until tomorrow, I'll figure something out,"

"Okay," he agreed, nodding as he pulled me back for another hug. I closed my eyes and buried my face into his shoulder, breathing in his sweet, calm, woodsy smell that was so, incredibly him. We were so caught up in the moment, that we didn't hear the soft stirring of quiet footsteps on the damp sand.

"How sweet," a grotesque-sounding, terrifyingly scratchy voice, dripping with violence and bloodshed exclaimed from behind us.

Zephyr and I gasped, and he whired around, moving in front of me, arms protectively blocking me from the unwelcome guests.

"Oh no," Zephyr said in a hushed voice.

"What?" I asked, clearly frightened. "What? Who are they?"

Zephyr took a few frightened breaths before he said, "It's _them_."

"_Who_?" I asked, urgently.

"My tribe,"

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Dun dun duunn! It seems like the only two people have updated in the past two days. WTFudge? So, I tried to rush to get this chapter in, so it's kinda short. Sorry! But seriously, where has everybody been at these past two days? Anyways, thanks for reading, reviews are cherished!

Love!

14. The Ongoing Misfortune Of Less

I really don't have anything to say...

Readers: HALLELUJAH!

I don't think I spelled that right...

DISCLAIMER: Readers: HALLELUJAH!

)0~~~~~0(

Chapter Thirteen

The Ongoing Misfortune of Less Spontaneous Haddock the Fourth

Uh-oh. That was right. Members of Zephyr's tribe were _here_, on the island. Outcasts. Real, true, 100% _Outcasts_. _Right in front of me!_

This was _bad_. REALLY bad. I hunched down a little behind Zephyr's protective shoulders, wishing we both could disappear. But, of course, there would be no story if we _could_ save ourselves. So, instead, we sat there, helpless and useless and frightened in the shallows.

There were at a dozen of them. And that was all I could see for now. I'm sure there were hundreds, _thousands_ more in their ships, just waiting for the word to attack.

The one who I presumed spoke before, stepped forward, and Zephyr stiffened. The man was old, and spindly. He looked evil and rotting. He looked like he just strolled straight out of Valhalla after a 300-year nap. He was fairly well groomed, and had black-well, beneath all the gray, there was bits of jet-black peppered here and there-hair, and pale, but greenish-tinted skin, kind of like what you may find on a corpse that had been in murky water too long. You could

practically see the white bones through his grotesque flesh, for it was nearly transparent-looking, so much so it looked skeleton-like. I could practically see the blood pumping through his veins.

"Well, well, well," the man's gravelly voice drawled as he slowly stepped towards us, "look what we have here, men. The little one's got a lady friend!"

"Hur-hur-hur-hur," the men in response chuckled brutishly.

"The deed's been done, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third is dead." Zephyr said loudly and strongly, despite the shaking his body was doing.

"And when was it accomplished?" the old man asked.

Zephyr hesitated before saying slowly and defeated, his head hanging slightly, "No more than an hour ago,"

"So," the man had been pacing in a graceful line, slowly and elegantly, "you did not complete your task within the time we gave you. You do understand, my dear boy, that time-limits are an important part of the Outcast-initiation tasks, correct?"

The man was just mocking him now, but Zephyr still continued, "Yes, sir,"

The old man stopped and chuckled in that same way Zephyr does, that little puff of air, that was normally quiet when performed by Zephyr, but when this man did it, it seemed to last forever.

"Then you know what we must do,"

Zephyr hesitated yet again, "Yes, sir," he said brokenly.

Zephyr shifted over me, and I heard a tiny breath of his voice as it hit my ears, "Less, RUN." he stood, bracing to stop anyone who tried to go after me when I ran, but I didn't. I wouldn't leave his side.

The man sauntered over to Zephyr, moving achingly slow. He stopped right in front of him, and stared into his eyes as Zephyr bravely stood his ground, not moving a muscle, barely breathing.

Then the man turned and began to walk over to me, with that suspenseful slowness. Zephyr grabbed his arm, and the man paused, jerked back to face him, with a provoking look in his eyes. The men behind him stepped forward threateningly.

"It's alright men," the man reported, still staring into Zephyr's eyes, daring him to make a move, "the boy is just fussy because his moment with his girlfriend was ruined! Isn't that right, lad?"

Now that they were close, I could see that Zephyr was nearly a half-head taller. No doubt the man was snarky and full of himself, but, had he not been outnumbered, Zephyr could tear him apart. The old man, of course, knew that, but, he also knew Zephyr would never make a move when there was this many people who could tear him apart around. Not when I would be put into danger, as well.

Zephyr glared loathingly right back at the man, but, when the man tugged back his arm relentlessly, he had no choice but to let the man go.

Then, the man turned and strutted up to me. I obviously wasn't nearly as brave as Zephyr, so I was shaking in the shin-high water. The man was practically the same height as me, but was still a tad taller than me. Surprise, surprise. The man stared into my eyes, and, for the first time, I realised they were nearly the same color as Zephyr's. Except they were harsher, scarier. They were cold where Zephyr's were usually warm.

The man slowly circled me, observing me up and down, as if inspecting my worth, "Hmmm," the man drawled again, the frightening gruffness of his weathered voice startling me, "she's not very big. But, of course, neither are you, right my boy?"

"Hur-hur-hur," the men chuckled again.

It made me insanely uncomfortable, feeling those evil eyes, plus two dozen more bear down on me, so I writhed and squirmed, while trying not to seem too scared. Which, might I add, was so hard, especially in this situation.

"She's got a nice posture, though, and not a bad figure, either," he said. He stopped in front of me again, and grasped my hands. I tried to move away, but he had out of control old-man strength. His grip loosened slightly as he looked over my hands. Over his drooping shoulder, I could see Zephyr scowl. I pleaded with my eyes for him to help me, but he was focusing so hard on his death-glare at the old man that he didn't notice me.

"Her hands are soft, but also rather weathered," he looked up at me, "lovely eyes. Not a bad face, either, once you look closely. But, overall, she seems far too easily to overlook. Small feet, and, compared to the rest of the body, I assume the child is very clumsy,"

This, as well, made me feel awkward. How he knew this, I blamed a long, VERY long, observant life. It was fairly scary, how he basically described my entire body to a crazy croud. How would you feel, dear reader, if a creepy old man with a body like a corpse observed you that closely, right in front of your friend-who may or may not know the observer-and a dozen other crazy beings, more than three times your size? The answer: NOT very comfortable, believe me.

In one swift move, the man whisked around, stepped out of the water, and walked back to his men. He swiveled around again and stood when he reached the first row of Outcasts. Then, he observed us once more, deceptively smiling, his head raised high, as Zephyr moved back to me. His arms encircled my waist, eyes full of fright, before turning back around, his arms still about me in that protective way, while I layed my hands on his shoulders.

"Kill him," he said simply.

I gasped, and gripped his shoulders tighter. Zephyr swallowed, but didn't flinch.

A huge, burly Outcast stepped forward, drawing his ragged, but still deathly sharp, sword. He quickly advanced on us, excited at the thought of bloodshed. He lumbered closer to us, raising his sword, still, Zephyr didn't move.

"Run," I whispered to him, fretfully, "_run!_"

"No," he responded, shakily and stubbornly.

The big man sloshed into the water, and Zephyr braced for the hit. The man wrapped a huge hand around Zephyr's neck, and lifted him high off the ground, knocking me into the water. I gasped, and Zephyr looked down at me one last time.

"_RUN!_" he mouthed, but I couldn't move. The man raised his sword, as Zephyr closed his eyes. Still, I was too afraid to move. The man swung his sword.

"Wait," the old man said, and the big man paused mid-swing, turning back to the old man. "don't kill him. We'll bring him back with us, and our tradition of slow torture will take place,"

The old man turned and began to walk back to his ship, the others in tow.

"N-no!" I shouted, finally finding my voice, "Y-you can't do that!"

The man turned back to us, unfazed, "Her you can kill," he said, bored.

The big man smiled gleefully as he threw Zephyr down on the sand with inhumane force. Then, he leaned down and grabbed me by the neck, just like he did with Zephyr. He lifted my high off the ground, my feet dangling in midair. The man swung yet again.

"Wait," the old man said again, almost dissapointedly as the big man stopped and turned back, rather annoyed, "my apologies, but the boy seems to be having a fit,"

It was true. Off to the side, Zephyr was being hauled off the ground, sand all over his face, arms and legs, his wet hair covered in it, and he was going berserk. It took four huge men to contain him, and they were barely doing that.

"So," the man said, "you can't kill her, but you may knock her out,"

That was, apparently good enough for the big man, because he did not hesitate to pound the handle of his sword to my temple. My eyes instantly closed, and I felt myself being thrown to the ground, just like Zephyr, and I fell into the water. I heard Zephyr call my name, over and over, as it got quieter and quieter. _Not again_. I thought as the darkness overcame me, and I gave into it. The only thing I heard as I let go, was the dragging of shoes on sand, and the faintness of a lovely voice-it was so familiar, however I could not remember where I had heard it before-in my head.

"_Just close your eyes,_"

The sun is going down.

You'll be alright..."

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Done! YAY!

15. DaddyDaughter Chat

Here's another chapter, hope you enjoy it!

Disclaimer: Not mine. Obviously.

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Chapter Fourteen

Daddy-Daughter Chat

"_...No one can hurt you now._

Come morning light,

You and I'll be

Safe and sound."

The beautiful voice faded away, as light slowly, very slowly, returned, and I was left with feelings of sorrow, pain, loss, fear, and more pain. As my eyes fluttered open, I realised that it was, in fact, morning, but, as I opened them wider, and took a look around, I also realised I was anything but safe and sound.

I was in some kind of room. No, duh. A dark, huge room, I could feel the vastness of the room, even though I couldn't see much of anything. A tiny, tiny, _tiny_ crack in the wall several yards away allowed me to see a sliver of light. Despite the dark, I tried to gain knowledge of the situation.

I knew I was sitting in a small wooden chair, and, moving to get up, I noticed my wrists and ankles were bound to the chair. I began to panic. Was I on an Outcast ship? No, I don't think so, I couldn't feel the sickening rocking of waves bouncing the vessel back and forth. I struggled to remember what had happened as I tugged against the bindings. They were made of a scratchy rope, one that burned my skin each time I moved. I remember waking up on the beach, beaten up as heck. Then Zephyr apologizing to me and-Zephyr! He was taken by his tribe to be tortured! I struggled harder. I felt one (which one, I had no idea,) of my wrists opened, and I felt the warm blood trickle down my hands and slip off my fingertips, and drop to the floor. I even heard the impact of the blood against the slowly forming puddle on the ground, it was so quiet. I struggled harder, the rope burning against my cut, when the door on the other side of the room opened.

A blast of afternoon light immediately stung my eyes and I had to look away. A shadow passed over my head, blocking the sunlight, and I turned back to the door. A skinny and rather tall frame silhouetted

the huge door frame, and I realised I was in the center of the Great Hall. I couldn't see the person's face, due to the light pouring in. The man-I can only assume it was a man, due to the short hair and slight muscular build-began to walk in the room, he walked with a limp, and his left footfall always ended with a quiet _tap spring, tap spring_ that I knew so well.

"D-Dad?" I said, bewildered.

He didn't say anything. Just kept walking toward me. His eyes stayed straight ahead, almost as if he were ignoring me. He walked to the table in front of me, and just stood at the end of it. He braced his hands on the edges, hunched over, like he was trying to figure something out. For all I knew, he was. He sat there for the longest time, my dread growing each moment. When he finally turned around and looked at me, my dread exploded into fear. He had a look of immense anger and, I don't think utter disappointment is a strong enough word. He stared at me for a long time, until I just couldn't stand it anymore.

"Are you gonna stare at me all day?" I asked snarkily.

"Could you possibly be making a joke right now?" he snapped.

I became angry, for what reason, I had no idea, "Why don't you just get whatever you want to do to me over with, so we can all get on with our day?"

My father didn't like that retort, "Less, you have no idea what some people wanted to do to you. I refused, and do you know why?"

I risked an interruption, "Because you didn't want more blood on the floor?"

"Because you're my daughter!" he shouted, silencing me. Then he forced himself to calm down before continuing, "You're my daughter, and I love you, but you are so stubborn and hesitant and brilliant and small and your rebellious determination and sarcasm make you a social outcast, which is so hard to deal with and-" he stopped himself, gently and modestly facepalmed before allowing his hand to slowly slide off his face, "you're just... different."

"And that's such a terrible thing," I said quietly, looking down. I had meant for it to be sarcastic but it came out sad.

He stared at me some more, anger still there, but faintly. After a while, he asked, "Just tell me why. Why did you do it," I looked up at him for an explanation, "Why did you help the boy?"

I looked back down. Why did I help him? "Because he was just a boy," I said, slightly angrily, my faith being whisked away with the wind outside.

"And you're just a girl. That's no reason to hesitate from killing on sight. Why did you do it?" he pressed.

"I-just-I-I couldn't" I said, becoming angrier and angrier by the second.

"That's not an answer-"

"Why do you care so much about this?" I snapped.

"Because I want to know why," he said, pressing harder and harder, as if he believes I might break.

"Oh, my-because I was a coward, I was weak, I was afraid, I wouldn't kill a child!" I near shouted.

Dad looked somewhat bewildered for whatever reason, as if he thought what was coming out of my mouth was strange or cliché. It took him a moment to respond, and when he did, he spoke a bit slowly, "You said 'wouldn't' that time,"

"Whatever! Okay? I wouldn't! Over 300 years, and I'm the first Viking who wouldn't kill an Outcast!" I yelled, breathing heavily, "Are you happy now?" I stared at him for a moment, before turning my head away in shame. He got what he wanted. I broke. What more does he want?

It was silent for a time, even my thoughts were quiet, if that's possible. His voice broke through the noise of nothing, "First to save one, though."

I looked up slightly. He was right. I guess. I did save him. What happened to Dad was my fault, I know that. But as far as family, well, my family goes, no one can do something so horrible that they can't be forgiven, once reason is given and really, really listened to and considered. I took a breath and my chances.

"I wouldn't kill him because, he looked as helpless as I was. And when I first actually met him, he was all strong and intimidating on the outside, but, I could see that he was just as frightened as I was. I looked at him and... and I saw myself." I said, finally looking up at him, then looking at the floor.

It was silent for the longest time. I expected the worst, until he spoke again. The anger was practically drained from his voice, "You know, your mother always said that the reason you were so impossible, just, just so stubborn and smart and mischevious, was because you were, well, were me," I glanced up at him, "I guess, I refused to believe it after a while, because you were such an embarrassment. When you started acting like I did when I was younger, I didn't want you to go through the same things I did, and I didn't want you to get hurt," he gestured to his prosthetic leg, then stepped forward, and sat on his haunches in front of me, "like I did, that's why I was so hard on you. But now, I realise, that two people could never be more alike. I'm just sorry I didn't realise that sooner. Less, I'm sorry,"

He pulled out his small dagger and reached behind the chair. He began to saw the ropes off my wrists and ankles. As soon as they slipped off, I felt immediate soothing on my entire forearm and leg up to the knee. I guess I was here longer than it seemed. I stared at him while he picked up the ropes, folded them neatly, and tossed them on top of the table he was leaning against earlier.

"It's okay, Dad," I said, wrapping my arms around his neck, "I forgive you,"

He hugged me back for a while, before he stood, me still clinging to

his neck, and began to walk to the door. He situated me on his hip like a toddler on his mothers' own hip, making even the squirmiest of children an easy passenger. He gently pushed the door open, and outside was a band of Vikings and dragons I knew so well.

Standing out on the stone walk, just lounging about, was Blunder, Tremor, Frey, Gorge, Lithella, Goosehead, Braith, my Mother, Fishlegs, Camicazi, Uncle Snotlout, Aunt Ruffnut, Uncle Tuffnut, Gobber, my Grandpa, Toothless, Stormfly, Woodchipper (Blunder's Timberjack**[1]**), Glimmer, Meatlug, Hookfang, and Ruffnut and Tuffnut's Zippleback, (which I keep forgetting the name of, horrible, I know), Gobber and Grandpa's dragons, Gorge's Whispering Death, Shredder, Frey's Thunderdrum, Loudmouth (he does all the yelling for her), Tremor's Changewing, Moodswing, Goosehead's Scauldren, Boiler, and Braith's Snaptrapper, Venus (since he has three extra seats, he usually shares him with little brother and sisters). I don't think I had ever been happier to see my family in one place before.

"Alright Vikings," Dad called, "grab your shields!"

Everyone jumped to their feet, "YES!" they all cried, excited at finally getting in on some action, while the dragons let out happy roars and silly barks. I smiled fondly at the gang. They truly are my family. Always ready to help one another and to go on adventures, of course. No, I'm not related to everyone by blood, necessarily, but family doesn't end with blood.

Glimmer trotted up to me, and Dad placed my on her back, as everyone hopped on their own dragons, "Let's go save your friend, Less," before he got on Toothless

"Let's do this!" I said to Glimmer, before we all took off, one big rush of wind and beating wings.

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Done! Again, YAY! Yes, I uploaded two chapters at once, I know you're all like, "FINALLY, STUPID!".

[1] Haha, you see what I did there? Blunder takes after Astrid, and they both have dragons from the sharp class, and Less takes after Hiccup, and they both have dragons from the strike class!

So, tell me what you think, and if you like the dragons and their names, please let me know! I had the ideas and names of everybody's dragons, except for the Zippleback, the Boneknapper and Stoick's dragon, of course, but I had to watch **_Book of Dragons**_** just know to figure out Braith and Goose's dragons.**

Love!

16. Prayers

**Hello, all! It's been a while-a long while-I know, and I'm sorry for the hold-up. It's almost done! Yay! I'm planning, like, 3 or so more chapters, and I know I said that, like, five chapters ago, so, sorry. My laptop is broken, I can only see about a sixth of the screen, and I can't afford a new one, so I'm sorry if this chapter is full of mistakes and whatnot. Just pleasr leave me feedback to let me

know how I'm doing. Love!**

And I appologize, but this one is going to be short.

Disclaimer: (Saracstically) Oh, this week just keeps getting better and better.

~Oh, and it's in Zephyr's POV!~

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Chapter Fifteen

Prayers

They dragged me away across the sand, away from where she lay in the shallows, unconcious. It was my fault. It was all my fault. I struggled, I pulled, I tried so hard to wrench myself from these horrible people's grasps. But I could do nothing. I could only let myself be torn away from the only one I've ever truly loved. That's right. I said 'loved'. I loved her. I loved Less Spontaneous Haddock the Fourth. The little girl who ruined everything. That's what everyone thought of her. Only, she was so much more than that.

We were only a few yards away from the ships now, and, with one last heave of desperation, I lurched towards her with such a force, I sent one Outcast tumbling backwards, and the rest stumbling against my pull. I kept my feet pounding into the ground, sending sand flying in all directions. Suddenly, I heard a sickening popping noise, as my left shoulder slipped out of the socket. I cried out, the pain momentarily blinding me. But, nonetheless, it was just enough time for the Outcasts to heave me off my feet, and haul me to the boats. Ignoring the biting pain in my shoulder, sending my arms flailing, fingernails digging into anything I came into contact with.

I think I got someone in the eye before the burly Outcast carrying me threw me against the wall of the ship, effectively knocking me out.

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A sharp, throbbing pain in my shoulder brought me to the waking bleary, frusterating pain brought tears to my tired eyes, and I tried moving my shoulder. The movement was cut short by the tightening of chains around my wrists. Both arms were that way. I struggled against the bonds, realising my surroundings at last. I was sitting in a small wooden chair, my ankles crossed and bound with more chain underneath the chair. The chains were all attached to bolts in the floorboards of the ships. The chains around my wrists branched out straight, keeping level with my shoulders, until they reached the floor.

The room I was in was large, and very dark. The only light source came from across the room, where the two walls came to a wide gap, allowing only a diagonal slab of light to be seen, where huge and harsh-looking shadows occasionally flickered by.

I was alone in the room, and it was completely and entirely empty. Save for a small wooden cart that held an elaborate assortment of

"torture toys". Different kinds of knives, evil-looking needles, tons of tiny blades and ragged broken glass all littered the cart.

So this was where it would happen. This was where it would all end. In a lonely, cold, empty room. I sent a silent prayer up to the Gods as my eyes began to tear. I prayed that I would get everything I deserve, and that Less, wherever she was, got everything she deserved.

Even though it hurt to so much as think about, I prayed that she would meet an amazing man one day, who loved her, charished her, and cared for her as much as I had wanted so badly to. I prayed they fell in love and eventually have amazing kids, who grew up to have grandkids. I prayed she got as much out of life as I wanted to give to her. I prayed she lived a very long time, and that she would be happy. She deserved at least that much, I thought, as I hung my head.

As I awaited the end, I couldn't help but think about what it would be like if I were the man she fell in love with. Then I told myself not to feel bad for not being that man.

Because some things just aren't meant to be.

17. The Rescue

****Hello, again! Howsit? My computer's still broken, and I'm pretty much fresh out of ideas, so, I sincerilly (spelled wrong, I know) sorry, but I have to start typing and try to make sense of this vision I have in my head of how it should be. So, without further ado, here goes the next chapter! Thanks for reading!****

****Oh, and it's Less's POV, again!****

****Disclaimer: Don't bother, don't bother, don't bother.****

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Chapter Sixteen

The Rescue

We flew for miles.

The sun was going down rapidly, and we still had no sightings of a ship anywhere. Actually, we had absolutely no sightings of anything anywhere. Every mile we flew, I lost a mile of hope. How would we ever find him? He had to have been going back to The Outcast Lands, right? We had been on that course forever! We had to have seen them by now! We could only hope that they hadn't reached the island yet. If they had, then Zephyr would be lost to me. We'd never reach him in time.

Glimmer loyaly flew on, while my hands clenched in desperation. I squeezed my eyes shut and hung my head for a moment. This was hopeless! We would never find him in time! Frustrated tears brimmed my deep green eyes, and I felt my hope slip out through my clenched hands, not bothering to even try to get it back.

I heard a small gasp coming from somewhere behind me, and my head swiveled around to see who it was. Lithella, maybe. Although she was always such a drama queen, there had to be a reason to gasp, right? She wasn't screaming, so she must not've broken a nail. My head snapped back, and my face immediately shot up into my father's crooked grin. The ships! There they were!

My hope was shot right back into me, and happiness took over the sorrow. We found him! He's gonna be okay! I'll get to tell him I love-

Wait a minute.

Where did that come from?

I was going to tell him I WHAT?

Since when did I realise I loved him?

I guess I didn't, I mean, he did try to kill me and all. And besides that fact, we were just friends, if anything at all now.

There was a strange feeling in my gut, as if I forgot something important. I decided to let it slide for now, and I'd look into it when Zephyr was safe. There was something else, too. Something that seemed... somehow... foreign. Like it didn't belong to me, or to my body. Like an intrusive virus. No matter how disturbing and unnatural it felt to me, I decided to let that slide, as well.

My Dad signaled for all of us to drop to the water. We did so, and as we skimmed the water, I saw my reflection in the water, only small feet from where we fly. The blood of my face was dried, the bruises and cuts just starting to heal. My eyes looked tired and sad. But the appearance of my eyes was not what concerned me. It was the color. The cold, ghastly blue that was not, in fact, my own. The spearing blue looked more like it belonged to Zephyr, and not myself. It must have been the stress, though, because when I blinked, they were back to deep green.

I shook off the terrifying change of eye color when we pulled up beside the ship. The excitement and happiness I felt when we first took off nearly burst out of me at the thought of my first big battle, and the thought of saving Zephyr.

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(Zephyr's POV)

I was still waiting for the end when she came for me.

At first, all I heard was an odd thunk, like something hitting the deck above my head. I raised my eyes and listened. After hearing nothing, I hung my head once more and resumed my prolonged wait. A moment later, from up above, I heard a grunt, and a short wail of anger, then, another thunk, only lighter this time. I heard several screams of fright, and a clashing of metal, as if a sword fight were in progress just above me. There were more grunts, and shouting, more thunks against the deck.

Movement in the corner of my eye directed my attention to the wide doorway in front of me. Shadows appeared in the slanted rectangle of sunlight on the wall. They battled with long swords and large shields, or maybe they just looked that way from the stretching their shadows did. The bigger, burlier shadow fell, and I heard yet another grunt, giving the sign that he, whoever he was, was finished.

The shadow that was still standing moved on, and the sunlight was untouched. That is, until the small, feminine shadow danced it's way into the rectangle. I knew that shadow.

She then whisked her way into the doorway, her back illuminated by gold, lighting her auburn hair like a sunset made of a glorious mix of the purest gold and the deepest chocolate. Standing there, she looked so beautiful, so simple, so innocent, so pure, it almost hurt to see her there. I breathed a sigh of relief unwillingly out of sheer happiness at glimpsing her again.

"Less!" I cried out. Her head snapped my way, and when she saw me there, in the darkness, I could have sworn her eyes, those beautiful, deep emerald green eyes, her whole face, even, lit up.

"Zephyr!" She cried back, and sprinted toward me. I pulled on the chains binding me, desperate to feel her smooth skin on my own. After what seemed like forever, she reached me, and, to my surprise, jumped into my lap, and wrapped her slender arms around me. I wrestled against my chains again, and, hearing the rattle, she let go of me and asked me what the noise was. When I showed her the chains, she paled slightly. She turned her head away from me, "Glimmer!" she called out the door.

A split second later, a clamoring, brustling figure entered the hall, and the sunlight was obscured by a huge shadow. Shivers ran down my spine and I tried to lunge out of the chains that held me to protect Less when the figure showed itself.

A dragon. Seriously. A huge, purplish dragon appeared in the doorway. It had an odd expression on it's monstrous face. I screamed for Less to run as the devil charged us, it's eyes set on me. The beast opened it's jaws to reveal incredibly long, sharp, hideous teeth, and, from every point of it's body, a blue-silver sliver of lightning (no joke) slid along it's body and all joined in the very back of the monster's throat, making my hair stand on end. I closed my eyes.

"Glimmer, STOP!" Less screamed. Shockingly, the dragon actually did stop. The lightning disappeared, and it closed it's mouth, looking back at her quizically. "He's my friend, girl. It's okay,"

The dragon looked back at me, as if asking, "really?", then it stood down, almost seeming to wait for more orders.

"Zephyr," Less said, cautiously, "this is my Skrill, Glimmer. Glimmer, this is Zephyr,"

She then asked "Glimmer" to break my chains. Glimmer lumbered over to my side, my eyes glued to her as she used her huge claws to smash the chains until they broke. The only reason I even allowed that thing near me is because I trusted Less, I believed she wouldn't let the thing hurt me.

Soon enough, I was free of the chains, and my wrists burned with the relief of the release. As soon as was free, Less jumped back onto my lap, I laid my hands on her arms, the delightful feel of her skin making me so much happier, I ran my fingers through her loose hair, and I couldn't help the joyous tears that escaped my eyes. She cupped my cheeks in her hands, and she gently wiped them away with her thumbs, then pulled my face forward, and she leaned in, and our foreheads touched. We closed our eyes, enjoying the closeness, and the mingling of our breaths. When we finally separated, she whispered, "My father's alive,"

I wrapped my arms around her, and she wrapped her own around me. We were interrupted by a shout from up above, no doubt from her father, and we made our way through the doorway, the hall way, and up the stairs to the late, late afternoon light.

Half the crew was sitting on their knees on the center of the deck, and the rest all around the ship. It was not a very pleasant sight.

Hiccup, who was standing in front of the surrendered crew. He then made his way over to us, and he was, in fact, very much alive, in every sense of the word. His eyes were alight, and he clearly was injured, but he didn't let it slow him down. He advanced towards us, his ever-present limp slightly worse. He had a small smirk playing across his lips, and when we got within an arms reach of each other, he stopped, and so did I, Less right by my side. I braced myself for whatever was yet to come.

"Well," he said, regarding me slowly, "Zephyr. We meet again."

"Yes, sir." I said.

He acknowledged me with aching slowness and silence. I almost dared not breathe. At last, he spoke, "I'll admit, you are a force to be reckoned with, young man," I remained silent as he continued, "and I would imprison you right now. The only reason you're not in shackles right now is because my daughter believes you are not the average outcast. And it's because I trust and love her, that I make this decision, for her own good,"

I again braced myself for the inevitable.

"I've decided that you can stay on Berk, and become a Hooligan," I felt my jaw drop, and saw Less light up again, "but there are conditions," Hiccup added, "one, becoming a Hooligan means never harming another Hooligan. Two, you never harm a dragon. Three, if you wish, you can eventually own your own dragon, well, I guess that's not really a condition. Anyway, four... actually, I think that's it. We'll fill you in on the rest when we reach the isle. Do you want to be a Hooligan?"

I still couldn't believe my ears. I gave a disbelieving laugh, and replied, "Yes. Yes, absolutely,"

Less gave a laugh of her own, and I swear her smile nearly reached her ears, "Welcome to Berk, Zephyr," she said.

I smiled back at her, and Hiccup turned towards the Hooligans and

their dragons, "Alright, Vikings, time to go home," he called, beginning to walk away.

I turned back to Less, and confusion forced my smile upside down. She was massaging her temples with her hands, as if they hurt, "Less?"

She looked up, squinting, "Uh, yeah?"

"Are you okay?" I asked, placing a hand on her shoulder.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm fine," she said, although her wincing told me otherwise, "just a little headache. Let's just go,"

"Okay," I said, giving in. Because I, too, wanted badly to get out of there. We began walking back, and Less appeared to be fine. Glimmer stalked from behind us to the front of the ship, waiting for us.

"You can ride with me, Zephyr," she said, and, seeing my hesitation, she added, "it's okay, it's not so bad after the first ride, and I'll be with you,"

"Okay," I said, listening to my gut feeling, which was telling me to trust her.

We had just crossed the middle of the deck when she collapsed, groaning in pain.

"Less?" I called, frantically, Hiccup turned around at my worried tone.

"Less!" he cried, rushing towards us, "What's wrong?"

"My head is on fire!" she was on her knees cradling her head in her hands. I was starting to think it was because of all the hits to the head she had gotten lately, until she began convulsing.

"What's happening?" I asked Hiccup, my hands shaking.

"I don't know," he replied, urgency and fear apparent in his voice, "help me hold her down, she's gonna hurt herself,"

"Less!" I fought back tears as Hiccup held her shoulders while I pinned her legs. She was flopping around like a fish out of water, and the look in her eyes showed she was in so much pain, and she was just as scared and confused as we were.

Suddenly, she just stopped. She lay perfectly still, except for the heaving of her chest. We let go of her, and she remained statuesque. By now, everyone had gathered around in a huge oval around us. The nearest person to the three of us was around eight feet away. It was perfectly silent, and perfectly still, as if everyone was holding their breath. I wonder if they were. I know I was.

Less's breathing slowed, and she closed her eyes, and it seemed that she had fallen asleep.

"Less?" I called, softly, "Are you alright?" I slowly reached out my hand to touch her cheek. My fingertips had just barely brushed her

cheekbone when her eyes shot open. I jumped back out of shock at the sight of her wide-open eyes. Mostly because those eyes weren't, in fact, hers. They were too cold and evil-looking to be hers. They were mine.

She opened her mouth to speak, and the voice that came out wasn't hers, either. Well, it had fragments of her voice here and there, like a distorted echo, but there was a voice that was all too familiar hiding inside Less's voice.

"Hello, Zephyr," the voice said.

I knew that voice.

"Oh my Gods," I uttered in terror.

"D-Dad?"

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Dun Dun Duuuuunnnnn! Another cliffie! Haha, sorry. And I'm also so so so sorry I haven't been able to update lately. I've been super busy. And I've also had writer's block. But, thank you all SO much for being faithful and patient with me! I love you all so much!

I'm shooting for two more chapters left, so hang tight!

Love!

18. Sear

Back again! Second to last chapter! Thanks for reading! You mean the world to me, my faithful readers! Love!

Disclaimer: These are getting seriously annoying!

Warning: This chapter is aimed to be scariest, and probably the most violent. It may have some suggestional content, we'll see. It includes intense character pain, and a possession. So, just a warning. Love!

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Sear

(Less's POV)

A blazing inferno ignited deep in the back of my mind, spreading like a wildfire set by a dangerous, age-old dragon.

It felt like someone had set a hot poker in the fires of the forge for too long, and pressed the metal against my temples.

The happiness I had felt when my father said Zephyr could stay was still gripping me, right up to the moment that I collapsed. The pain was overwhelming. It seared, scorched, and tore away at me until I

thought my head would explode. Finally, the pain ceased, and I slightly relaxed, until the pain expanded from my head to the rest of me.

I wasn't in control of my body when it began to convulse. I shook relentlessly, the pain torturing me from the inside out. I saw Zephyr and my Dad's mouths moving, but I couldn't hear what they were saying. They then held me down by my shoulders and legs, which hurt even more. I tried to yell for them to stop, to let me go, but I still couldn't control myself. All I could do was squeeze my eyes shut and pray for mercy.

Please, I silently cried to the Gods, _just make it stop!_

As if my cry were heard and sympathized, the shaking and the pain stopped. And something much, much, worse took over.

My insides, which had, less than a moment ago, been burning like the fire of a Deadly Nadder, became freezing. A cold unlike any other crept through my body like water slowly seeps through dry clothes. The presance I had felt while flying earlier came back, and I knew that I wasn't alone in my own body. There was something inside me. How it got in there, I have no idea. I just knew there was no way it could be a part of me.

My eyes shot open, and I didn't make them. Something, whatever is inside of me is taking over. I could see the fear and recongnition in Zephyr's eyes as my lips formed the words;

"Hello, Zephyr," that voice was certainly not mine. I was absolutely terrified.

"D-Dad?" Zephyr said. Oh my Gods. Zephyr's father is possessing me. My hearing must have returned as he took over. I felt my lips lift into an evil smirk.

"That's right," Alvin said, and I saw Zephyr's fear worsen and his anger boil in his eyes.

"Get out of her," he ordered. I felt my face move into a fake pensive look, as if Alvin were thinking about it.

"Mmm, no, I don't think so," he said, simply. It almost sounded reasonable when he said it, half in my voice, and half in his own, "because, you see son, I haven't been in a body for a long time. Once I jumped into this little thing, well, I remembered what it was like to be living. And I want that back,"

"She isn't your to take, Alvin," Dad said, angrily, "Let my daughter go,"

Alvin turned my head towards him, "Did you not hear me say, 'No', my dear boy-or, I'm sorry," Alvin's voice disappeared and was replaced by mine, but I still wasn't in control of it, "daddy?"

Dad clenched his jaw in anger, and his eyes flared as he said through clenched teeth, "Alvin, if you hurt her, I swear I'll-"

"You'll what?" Alvin's distorted voice was back as he challenged Dad, "you can't hurt me. Not without hurting your daughter,"

"She hasn't done anything to you!" Dad nearly shouted.

"Oh, I know," Alvin chuckled, "But you have,"

Dad pressed his lips into a straight line, "This isn't about that," he had said 'that' as if I was a child, the word was a curse, and he was trying to keep me from learning the word.

"Yes, it is," Alvin snarled simply, "it's always been about that. A Treacherous never forgives, even in death,"

I could see the desperation in his expression, as if he were about to cry, "Please, Alvin," he begged in a small voice, "please. She's my daughter. _Please._"

Alvin was silent for a few seconds. Would he let me go?

"No," Alvin said desicively.

"Dad!" Zephyr suddenly spoke up, anger and stubbornness clear in his voice, "please, just let her go! Just tell me what you want me to do, and I'll do it, you have my word! Just let her go!"

"Your word? Ha!" Alvin laugh was a so sinister it made Zephyr cringe, "I already told you what I wanted you to do! So why is this man still standing? You're absolutely useless! You're not my son!"

Zephyr swallowed, but held his ground. His voice wavered slightly at first as he replied, "I'm not useless. I'm just not anything like you. I don't care if you're not my father anymore. You never really were in the first place. I don't even know why I ever looked up to you. So you're right, you're not my father, and I'm not your son,"

While I admired his bravery and strength, it didn't seem to affect Alvin at all.

"What do you want, Alvin?" my father asked.

"What you took away from me," Alvin replied, "You not only owe me an arm and a leg, but also a life. And I plan to take them,"

My left arm moved over to my right, grasped it, and before I even realised what Alvin was doing, he bent the arm with such force the bone snapped underneath my skin.

I screamed, this time I was controlling it, but Alvin got right back in control as soon as I had let out one shriek.

He then migrated my hand to my leg, and Dad seized my hand before it could break my leg, too, "Zephyr, help me hold her down!" Dad cried as my body writhed and tried desperately to wrench free of his grasp, and again Zephyr held my legs down to the deck.

Alvin used my body to hiss and snarl and twist and yank to get away.

"You brought this, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third!" Alvin screeched, and Dad and Zephyr let go of my now still limbs. He

continued in a quieter voice, "You made me loose my child, and now, I'm going to make you loose yours,"

Pain rippled up and down my spine as Alvin twisted my body backwards, so far that my head nearly touched my feet, and I heard pops that were soon followed by intense pain all the while. Alvin must have given my speech back to me, just to beg to my father just before I died, even though he was stillin control of my body.

"Dad!" I cried through tears, "Don't let him kill me!"

"Less!" Zephyr called frantically, "Hiccup, do something!"

Dad was terrified, I could tell by the look on his face, how he was lost for words, and frozen to the his spot. He had to have a plan, right?

Something big snapped, maybe a rib, and the sharp end of the broken bone pierced right through the skin. I could feel the blood beginning to gush out. The farther back Alvin forced me to go, the more the bone was puched out, and the more blood was lost. Another rib broke. Then another. They all followed the same path the first one took, pushing out of the skin and causing more and more blood to flow. The pain was unbearable, and I could feel I my body was about to give up, and Alvin just kept going. With the last bit of control and strength I had, I looked up at my father with pleading eyes.

"Dad, please," I whispered, and then let go.

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(Hiccup's POV)

"Dad, please," she whispered, and I could tell as her body went slack that she had let go.

"Less?" Zephyr called, softly at first, then became louder as his fear reached the brim, "Less!"

"This is my fault," I whispered to myself, "I did this,"

Something sparked in the back of my mind. Something from my boyhood. I had learned Latin from my grandfather, and he had told me it is the language of the dead. I never truly understood it, until now. I decided to take a chance, because it was the only one I had to save my daughter.

"Relinquere eius corpus," I began, and immediately Less's green eyes, which had returned when Alvin began to torture her, were back to Alvin's sinister blue ones, and they were trained on me as I continued, "Relinquere eius corpus, relinquere hoc mundi. Redire ad tua mundi numquam ad hoc mundi iterum,"

I could see my words registering as Alvin began to growl at me, as if it were not a dead man possessing my daughter, but an animal. As far as I was concerned, he was an animal.

"Stop it," Alvin was in pain, I could tell. My 'exorcism' must have been working, "I'm warning you,"

"Postulo vos relinquere hoc vas nunc" I began to shout as Alvin grunted and cried out in pain, "postulo vos relinquere hoc vas nunc!"

"Hiccup," Zephyr began nervously, "wait-"

"I've almost got it," I say back harshly, interrupting him, "Postulo vos relinquo nunc! Relinquo nunc!"**[1]**

Alvin gave a huge scream and Less's body arched up into the air, and a black smoke-like cloud was torn from her body, and when it was completely up out of her body, it erupted into flames, as if by an explosion, and all I could see was red and orange. The mast was set on fire, as was the sail. The fire in the sky was just beginning to reside as I pressed my index and middle fingers to Less's throat, holding my breath as I did so. At first, nothing, then I felt a teeny throbbing underneath her skin. I breathed a sign of relief, and Zephyr's eyes searched mine hopefully.

"She's-She's alive," I said, holding back happy tears, "She's alive!"

Zephyr's young features lit up, and I could hear the happy hoots and cheers of my family at the wonderful news.

"Th-thank you," Zephyr said quietly, "thank you for saving my friend,"

I gave a small but happy smile, "Of course,"

I called Toothless over, and began to situate a still unconscious Less on my saddle. I noticed Glimmer slowly stride up to Zephyr from behind him. He was still sitting on his knees on the deck, as if Less was still lying there. Glimmer stopped right behind him, and Zephyr realised it. He sat still, but alert, and Glimmer squaked for him to turn around. Zephyr slowly turned, and Glimmer cocked her head to the side, like a dog. Zephyr seemed to understand what she wanted, and slowly extended his hand to her. She hesitated, then slowly outstretched her muzzle to his hand. He gave a little incredulous laugh. Glimmer turned so he could mount her. Eventually he did, he had a little bit of trouble because she was so tall, and Less's saddle was quite small, but he got on her. And when they both were ready, she gently took off into the sky. I smiled, then hopped on Toothless, careful of Less, and followed my family home.

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Yay! ONE MORE CHAPTER!

[1] This is real Latin, (not an actual exorcism, but oh, well.

Love!

19. The End of The Beginning

**LAST CHAPTER! YES! Thank you so much to all my readers, I love you

like I love books and music and great movies and reading good fanfiction! I want to thank all my reviewers personally, because without you guys, there is absolutely no way I would ever be able to finish! Thank you so much for your support;**

Narwhal-Riding-Alien,

TheCaramelSecrets,

StrawTucker,

AceLegend,

Ravenous Ravenblack,

Astrid Goes For A Spin, and

LadyMagdalen.

Your guys rule!

ON WITH THE VERY LAST CHAPTER!

Disclaimer: One more time. I do not own HTTYD (obviously). All rights go to Cressida Cowell and Dreamworks.

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Chapter Eighteen

The End of the Beginning

Sunlight stung my closed eyes, making blood-red the only thing I saw.

I struggled to open my eyes, which seemed sealed shut, and blinking in pain when all I could see was unbelievably bright white. What happened?

I'm dead.

That was my first thought. My second one was, 'how the heck am I dead?'. Then I remembered. And when I say remembered, I mean, like, really remembered. Everything came back to me in a blur of pictures, but it clicked in my brain like I was reading a mystery book, and I just realised who the killer was.

Me waking up two days ago. Riding Glimmer. Meeting up with my friends. My dad showing me the house in the cove. The false Outcast alarm. Finding and healing Zephyr. Getting in trouble with my parents for coming home late. Meeting and bonding with Zephyr. The old man. My dad becoming super-angry. Accusing Zephyr, and him denying my accusations. My dad apologizing to me and giving me a bow and arrow. Zephyr teaching me how to shoot. Falling asleep with my head on his lap. Finding him in the Great Hall. Watching him nearly kill my father. Him very nearly beating me to death. Actually, I think he did beat me to death. The thing that I knew was in the back of my mind, that I was trying to remember, I finally saw.

My grandmother. How she told me how to get home. A black smoke following me back into my own body. Waking up. Zephyr apologizing. The Outcasts taking Zephyr. Getting knocked out again. Waking up to find my dad alive. Confessing to him why I didn't leave Zephyr to die when I first found him. Flying out to sea to rescue Zephyr. Finding him. Dad saying he could stay. Alvin taking over my body. Alvin almost killing me (so that's why I was so sore!). And then waking up here.

The truth hit me like a hammer to the head. I know I had always wanted an adventure, but that was just plain ridiculous! But even so, I was glad I finally had a chance. Even though I was pretty sure it didn't matter now, anyway.

Scratch, scratch, scratch, scratch!

A noise so familiar made me stir. I knew that annoying scratching and pounding anywhere.

"Glimmer?" my voice was rough and hurt my throat. Was Glimmer dead, too? My heart ached at the thought, and salty tears of sadness and frustration stung my still-closed eyes.

I struggled to pull them open, painfully succeeding. When they snapped open, I groaned in pain and closed them again. The light burned my eyes, and I turned over to my side. I gasped at the pain that shot from every nerve in my body and tried not to scream out.

Pound, pound, pound, pound!

That was definitely Glimmer. I didn't know where she was, but she sounded frantic. I had to get to her.

"Glimmer," I called again, my voice strained as I struggled to get to my feet. I peeled my eyes open once again, and the world around me was a bit dark, and very blurry. I finally reached the edge of whatever I had been laying on. I tried to extend my leg to help myself down, but as soon as I put weight on it, my foot slipped, and I tumbled to the cold wooden floor.

I moaned, and tried to stand. My legs could move, but I was tangled up in something. I began to panic as I struggled to free myself. Everything as a blur, and the pounding was getting more and more frantic as the seconds past. I flailed around inside of the entrapment, until I hit my head against something hard, and everything went black as I closed my eyes again.

My hand went to my head and rubbed it, the pain so bad it stung my eyes.

But when I reopened my eyes, the world was clear. I could see! Looking around, I realised I was in my room, and my "prison" was just my blanket, wrapped around my body. And the scratching and pounding was Glimmer, she was on the roof, just like she always was.

After detangling myself from the blanket, I ran to the double windows and yanked them open.

"Glimmer!" I called. Glimmer's head shot in my direction, and gave a delighted screech when she saw me. I spun on my heel and bolted towards the door.

When I got outside, the light again hurt my eyes, but I ignored it and raced to the side of the house, where Glimmer met me half way. I threw my arms around her neck and she lifted my feet off the ground. When she put me down, I heard a voice from the dragon shed.

"Less?"

I turned to see my dad standing there, a bucket in his hand, and a bewildered look on his face. He set the bucket down, and slowly walked my way. He stopped when he was about two feet away from me. Then he smiled.

I closed the distance between us and jumped into his arms. As we hugged, I could swear I heard a sniffle from him. When he put me down, all evidence was a happy smile.

"You did good, Less. Well done," he said, and gave me a kiss on the forehead. I smiled up at him. And heard my mother call to me, then my brother, then half the island as the all rushed up to me.

"I've heard this story before," Mom said as she reached us.

"Mom!" I cried as I hugged her, as well.

"Hey, baby!" she responded as she smothered my half auburn-blond hair.

Blunder plowed into me when she put me down. I braced myself for a fight, as he said, "Great job, shorty, not only did you defeat pirates and get possessed by a spirit and almost die, like, twice," I was about to throw the first punch, for the first time, until he said, "but you saved the village. Put 'er there," he said with surprising respect, and held out his hand for a shake.

Expecting a trick, I slowly and cautiously extended my hand, and when they touched, Blunder pulled me in for a hug. I chuckled at my stupidity as I returned the hug. When he released me, I received pats on the back from Braith and Goose, a hug from Frey, Tremor and Lithella (maybe she wasn't so bad, after all), and a "Glad you're still alive, kid!" from Gorge.

"Just barely," said a voice, coldly, from outside of the group. They moved to the side to see who it was. Zephyr was leaning up against the house, arms crossed, one foot resting against the wall behind him, next to his left knee. He looked so flawless and cool right there, that if I hadn't been so sore as it was, I would have raced into his arms right then and there, "were you seriously trying to kill yourself back there?"

He furiously made his way through the crowd, even with his anger, he still looked unfairly beautiful.

He stopped right in front of me and exploded, "What the hell were you trying to prove risking your life like that? Do you realise that if you died, I would've never forgiven myself? You were stupid, and

reckless," I nearly jumped at his harsh tone, then it suddenly softened, surprising me, "you saved my life. I can never stop owing you for that. So... thank you,"

He then stepped forward and placed a long kiss on my lips. My eyes widened in shock, but it only took me a moment for them to slide closed and for me to kiss gently back.

When we separated, the crowd around us chuckling and "aww"-ing as Gobber and my Grandfather tried to give us privacy with, "Move along, folks, there's nothing to see here!" Zephyr's cheeks turned a slight shade of pink, as I'm sure mine did, too.

"You're welcome," I said, staring up into his eyes. He smiled, staring into mine as well.

My father went back to feeding the dragons in the shed, as he was before, and glanced back at us. We were caught up in another long, chaste kiss.

He smiled as he said, "That's my girl," and went back to work.

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**AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! DOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEE
EEEEEEEEEE!**

Thank you all SOSOSOSOSOSOSOSOSO much for reading! I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did writing it and getting your amazing reviews! Please leave one more for the road! And be sure to keep an eye out for the sequel, which is on it's way!

LOVE! TayTay out!

End
file.